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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

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Price Ten Cents.



VESUVIAN VILLAINS—THRILLING ADVENTURE OF TWO YOUNG AMERICAN GIRL TOURISTS WITH ITALIAN BANDITS, ON THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS.—  
SEE PAGE 5



# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

The Oldest Illustrated Weekly. Established 1846

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.

Office: 2, 4 & 6 Reade Street, N. Y.

FOR WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, NOV. 2, 1878.

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## To Correspondents.

We earnestly solicit sketches, portraits of noted criminals, and items of interesting events from all parts of the States and the Canadas, and more particularly from the West and Southwest. Reports of events that create an excitement in their immediate localities, if sent at once, will be liberally paid for.

J. T. V., Delaware, Ohio.—See item in "Vice's Varieties."

T. O. H., Richmond Junction, Ky.—Items appeared in previous issue.

J. M. P., Indianapolis, Ind.—Thanks for attention. Further by mail.

W. A. B., Andrews Station, Cal.—Paper will be sent. Further by mail.

W. O. P., Lynn, Mass.—See item under "Vice's Varieties"; thanks.

CAPTAIN NEWITT, Evansville, Ind.—Thanks for courtesies; further by mail.

W. M., Chicago, Ill.—Thanks for articles and portraits. Further by mail.

F. B. T., Bridgeport, Conn.—Thanks for courtesies. Portraits crowded out this week.

B. A. W., Summit, Miss.—See items under "Vice's Varieties" and elsewhere; thanks.

D. T. T., Waynetown, Ind.—See item under "Vice's Varieties." Let us hear from you again.

T. J. K., Minneapolis, Minn.—Thanks for attention, but items are scarcely of sufficient general interest.

T. S. M., Olmsteadville, N. Y.—Thanks for attention, but account of the matter has been already published.

REPORTER, Montgomery, Ala.—Items last sent appear in this issue. Previous communication already noticed.

J. C. B., New Haven, Conn.—Thanks for efforts in our behalf. Will be glad to receive it if you can obtain it hereafter.

ANNE B., New Orleans, La.—Thanks for your very interesting communication, which will appear in our next issue.

E. L. D., Columbia, Mo.—See item elsewhere in this issue; thanks. Send us something a little more sensational next time.

D. R. W., Council Bluffs, Iowa.—Such affairs are too common to have more than a local interest unless they possess some special features.

E. A., San Francisco, Cal.—See article with portraits elsewhere in this issue; thanks. Will be glad to hear from you again. Further by mail.

N. Quon, Lebanon, Tenn.—Item appears under "Vice's Varieties"; thanks. Will be glad to have items of interest from you at any time. Papers will be sent.

ANONYMOUS, New York City.—Will make inquiry into the matter. Cannot undertake to forward the matter to the party in question. Can be had by calling at this office.

W. T. L., Kyoto, Minn.—Item appears under "Vice's Varieties"; thanks. Let us hear from you again, but please send items as soon as possible after the occurrence.

C. S. B., Minneapolis, Minn.—Have no regular correspondent in your locality, though we occasionally receive items from our readers. Shall be glad to receive any of general interest from you.

CORRESPONDENT, Sylvania, Ga.—See brief notice of the case under "Vice's Varieties." Thanks for courtesies. Send us further particulars, if any, and please write on one side of the paper only.

W. L. H., Nashville, Tenn.—Will make inquiry into the matter and do whatever is possible to amend it, if the case is as you represent. Please send additional particulars confirmatory of your statement. Further by mail.

J. W., Houston, Tex.—You give us no particulars of the matter whatever, and of course, we cannot publish an illustration without any reading matter to explain it. As furnished it would be utterly destitute of meaning to those unacquainted with the circumstances.

CORRESPONDENT, Grand Rapids, Mich.—Send all communications to this office, distinctly. There are spurious publications, weak imitations of the style and of the name of the POLICE GAZETTE, as nearly as they dare to copy it, which have the effrontery to claim communications addressed to us. Therefore be explicit.

L. E. W., Madison, Wis.—The communication sent is retained until we receive further account. If you can send us fuller particulars, with names of the parties, we will publish it, otherwise it does not possess sufficient general interest to give it a place in our columns. Send photos of the parties and sketches of the locality, if possible.

## A "LIVELY" DAY IN DEADWOOD.

They have a rather elevated standard, which even New York or Chicago could scarcely reach, as to what constitutes a "lively" day, in the Black Hills. A Deadwood cotemporary, for instance, in a recent issue, alludes to Sunday, the 13th instant, as "an unusually eventful day in the metropolis," the latter being the modest designation the three-year-old city bestows upon itself. It then proceeds to cite the incidents which entitle the particular day in question to that distinction. First among these is the arrival in town of a number of such distinguished gentlemen as a candidate for the position of delegate to Congress, an Indian commissioner, an Indian trader and other individuals connected with the agency business, and a new District Judge. From the prominence thus given to this item of the programme, we must infer that "distinguished arrivals" are much more noticeable matters in Deadwood than homicides, since a somewhat extended list of "incidents" of this nature takes a secondary place in the recapitulation.

The next item is a savage encounter between Mrs. Lovell, a famous female desperado of the place, who had previously distinguished herself on divers occasions, by killing two or three men and wounding several others, and a Mr. John Rogers who possessed the reputation, in Deadwood, of being a very quiet, inoffensive man. This little affair was quite interesting. Mrs. Lovell, it appears, having some real or imaginary grievance against Rogers, "went gunning" for the latter, according to the custom of the country. Not meeting him on the highway as promptly as she desired, her impatience impelled her to march boldly into his house with the avowed intention of shooting him down at his fireside, and fully provided with the facilities for carrying out the same. She did, indeed, succeed in fatally wounding Mr. Rogers, but made the mistake of not shooting him quite dead enough, for he still possessed sufficient vitality to pursue her in her retreat from his house and to shoot her dead in her tracks before she had got many yards away, the details of the little affair being given in our preceding issue.

The next thing on the programme was a "lynching bee." A number of citizens, having captured a couple of "road agents," diversified the day by stringing up one of them to the limb of a tree, in the early twilight, and compelled the pair to disclose the whereabouts of the stolen bullion. Why the other was not similarly served does not transpire. Possibly it was with a view of extorting from him the knowledge of the hiding place of their plunder by the effect upon him of making a "horrible example" of the other, which, however, does not affect the general interest of the transaction. A few minor affairs, ordinary homicidal occurrences, of a private and personal character, into which it is not considered polite to inquire, in Deadwood, were probably omitted in making up the account, as too commonplace for mention.

The day was still further enlivened by numerous rumors, which kept floating in from the prairies, and interspersed with these events, of Indian depredations in the immediate vicinity of the town, and which contributed to prevent its enterprising citizens from stagnating for want of a little wholesome excitement.

Altogether, as the Black Hills Times observes, in a tone of keen appreciation of the advantages of life in Deadwood, "it was a lively day, and there was blood on the moon last night." Decidedly, the "metropolis" of the Black Hills must be an excellent place for a nervous person to stay away from.

## SAN FRANCISCO'S SENSATION.

California is well termed the wonderland of the world. Its history has been a succession of surprises since its great and generous territory was opened up to civilization by the infusion of American enterprise. It is grand and peculiar in all its developments—in human nature most of all.

The remarkable vicissitudes of fortune in that cosmopolitan community, whose Mecca is San Francisco, and whose shrine of adoration is the gorgeous Pine street edifice, the temple of the fickle Goddess, occasion more of romance and tragedy in a single change of the moon than our more staid East would present in a decade.

Elsewhere in this issue we give a characteristic and not uncommon story of intense and eventful life among the gold-seekers of the Pacific Slope. It is, indeed, little to be wondered, when one understands something of the conditions of such an existence, that perverted and erratic ways of life should be engendered by ever-recurring excitement and mutations such as that recently experienced there, when the value of a single comparatively insignificant mining enterprise leaped from merely nominal figures away up into the millions. Thus, as if by magic, hundreds of persons found themselves wealthy, suddenly emerging from obscurity and even poverty into the garish light of unexpected and perhaps insupportable affluence. On the other hand, thousands worshipping at the same shrine of chance have been plunged from wealth and power into utter and irretrievable ruin and despair.

The history of "Sandy" Austin is but one of many similar stories of disgrace and ruin afforded by California experiences, though all have not been brought so prominently before the public or their moral so pointedly presented as has been done by our correspondent in that section, who will from time to time, in other recitals of a like character, exhibit the effects of the feverish life of the California speculator, to prove anew that "all is not gold that glitters."

## A POLICE CASE.

We published, last week, the case of Mrs. Annie Hardwicke, who complained against Officer Reilly for brutal treatment towards her on the night before Christmas of last year. At the time of the trial, before Judge Sedgwick, there was no defense for the accused. Since then, however, the officer has presented his case which, he claims, official engagements prevented him from doing before. The officer contends that the plaintiff was under the influence of liquor when he arrested her, and, therefore, claims that the proceedings against him are unjustifiable, and that the reason he made no defense at the time of the trial was that he was engaged with a case in the Superior Court.

If the officer shall be able to make good this defense we shall be perfectly willing to acknowledge the injustice of our remarks, based upon the hearing before Judge Sedgwick, which we published last week. Until that is accomplished, however, they must stand as we have issued them.

## JUDICIAL COMMON SENSE.

The Grand Jury at Lawrence, Mass., on the 14th, very properly refused to indict two men who had been arrested on a charge of burglary by an assnine officer. The evidence showed that the men, who were drunk and were known, to the officer, not as burglars, though, no doubt, as reckless and dissipated individuals, had made an attempt to break into an express office where they expected to obtain liquor. The brilliant officer who made the arrest, however, chose to regard them in the light of burglars and, instead of driving them away or arresting them at once for disorderly conduct, lurked around until he saw them commit what would have been a state's prison offense and then pounced upon them in the expectation of obtaining credit for making an important arrest. The neglect of duty and the motive on the part of the officer were so palpable that the Grand Jury refused to find an indictment, as stated, and the officer missed the credit for shrewdness and efficiency which, no doubt, inspired his imagination while he was planning the capture of the Quixotic drunkards as he lurked behind the board fence.

## Lieutenant Callahan, Chicago Police Force.

(With Portrait.)

Lieutenant M. C. Callahan, commanding the West Twelfth Street Station, Second Precinct, Chicago Police Force, is forty years of age and was born in the city of New York. He has resided in Illinois for thirty-seven years. He has been a resident of Chicago for fourteen years, during the last twelve of which he has been connected with the police force. He served as patrolman for nine years, after which he was promoted to a Lieutenancy, which position he has since held.

Lieutenant Callahan gained great credit for his gallant conduct and efficiency during the labor riots of July, 1877. He is very popular, especially with the citizens of his precinct, the Second. As an evidence of this, and of the estimation in which his conduct during the exciting events referred to, and which gained him the sobriquet of the "hero of the Chicago riots," is held by his fellow-citizens, we reproduce, from a Chicago paper of the time, the following notice of a pleasant occasion in his honor, shortly after the riots:

As an outcrop of the recent labor riots, Lieutenant Callahan, of the West Twelfth street station, was last evening presented by the citizens of his district with a handsome gold watch and chain, bearing on the back-cap, "To Lieut. M. C. Callahan, from the Citizens of Chicago, Sept. 11, 1877, for Efficiency, Honesty, and Fidelity." The presentation was made in flowery language by Justice A. L. Morrison, and was aptly and appropriately responded to by the worthy recipient. Mr. Boehm, the principal donor, Justice Scully, Alderman R. M. Oliver, ex-Alderman Bolivar G. Gill, and others, also spoke in high terms of the police, and especially of Lieutenants Callahan, Vesey, and Blettner, and Captain Seavey for their conduct in the riots. After the presentation the party adjourned to an elegant champagne supper served by the Wasserman Brothers, of the Turner Vorwaerts Hall. The festivities were kept up to a late hour, or, in other words, until an empty champagne bottle stood before each and every guest.

## Villinger, the Wife Murderer.

(With Portrait.)

Jacob Villinger, whose portrait appears on another page, is awaiting trial, in Chicago, for one of the most brutal wife murders on record. A full account of his crime was given in the GAZETTE at the time of the occurrence of the tragedy, a few weeks since. Villinger is a Bohemian of the lowest type, and his face is a sufficient indication of the inherent brutality of his nature. He kept a low saloon frequented by the lower classes of his countrymen and others, and was addicted to drink. On the fatal afternoon he was in liquor, and, taking some fancied affront against his wife, drew a

revolver and shot her through the head. He is in the Cook County Jail in Chicago, awaiting trial. He assumes the character of a violent maniac, though it is believed that he is as sane as he ever was, allowing for the violence of a naturally brutish disposition. He was recently brought into court, but did not plead, his counsel asking for a little time, during which an inquiry into his sanity might be made. At nights he makes so much noise, in his real or assumed ravings, as to disturb the institution, and the other prisoners complain of being kept awake by his howlings. The fellow possesses a great deal of low cunning and is undoubtedly acting a part, which will, however, scarcely save him from the fate he merits.

## The Mount Vernon Horror.

(With Portrait.)

On another page we present authentic portraits of Deputy Sheriff C. O. Thomas, of Mount Vernon, Posey county, Indiana, who was murdered early on the morning of October 11th by Daniel Harris, a negro, while he was attempting to arrest Harris' son and others who were implicated in the outrage upon some white women near that town, also of Harris, the murderer, and his son, both of whom have escaped from justice. A full account of the affair, and the subsequent lynching, was given in the previous issue of the GAZETTE. One thousand dollars reward is offered by the sheriff of Posey county and the citizens of Mount Vernon for the delivery, to the town authorities, of old Harris, who is said to have escaped from the jail on the night of the 11th. The reward, it is announced, will be paid for him dead or alive. He is described as being fifty-one years of age, about five feet seven or eight inches in height, very black, with small eyes, short beard and mustache and slightly bald on top of the head. He was shot in the left shoulder and in the right arm from his hand to his neck.

Young Harris, who is charged with being concerned in the outrage upon the women, is described as about twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, about five feet ten inches in height, round face, very dark and, when last seen, wore a small mustache. One hundred dollars reward is offered by the commissioners of Posey county for his capture.

## The Billings Murder Case.

BALLSTON SPA, N. Y., October 22.—There is great excitement in the village this afternoon over a startling story current that Jones, the "wait," has confessed that he swore falsely, in testifying that on the night of Mrs. Billings' murder he saw Billings drive to Washburn's some time before the shot was fired. Jones, it will be remembered, said that he was fishing in the canal when Billings drove past. He now, it is said, confesses that all this testimony was false, and further offers to turn state's evidence, and testify to facts implicating Billings' attorneys, Assemblyman Dryoe and brother, and several deputy sheriffs as conspirators to suborn perjury in the case. The story is generally credited by Billings' enemies, but his friends say it is a hoax to frighten other witnesses for Billings, who are suspected of perjury, into confession.

The recent examination of Mrs. Billings' body shows that the bullet, instead of passing through the upper part of the brain, passed through the bone at the base of the skull, carrying away particles of bone and leaving a distinct track in its line of passage, which, it is claimed, would account for the loss of the lead if the ball was fired from a Ballard carbine. The skull is in the possession of the prosecution, and will be introduced in evidence in the new trial, which is likely to be held at an early day.

## Consolation for Pastor Vosburgh.

The friends of the Rev. George B. Vosburgh, pastor of the Bergen Baptist Church, failing to secure an endorsement of their pastor's Christian character at the meeting of the church trustees and deacons on Tuesday night, held a meeting in the chapel, on Clinton avenue, Jersey City Heights, on Wednesday night, 23rd inst., after the close of the weekly prayer meeting, and the following, offered by ex-Mayor Siedler, was unanimously adopted: "This being the last time we expect to have our pastor with us in our Wednesday evening prayer meetings we hereby tender him our sympathy and love, and desire to express our confidence in his Christian character and assure him of our continued prayers for his future happiness and usefulness in the Christian ministry."

## "The" Allen Indicted.

The Grand Jury, in session on the 24th, found an indictment against Theodore Allen for murder in the first degree for the shooting of Detective Edward Malloy, at 615 Broadway. It will be remembered that the coroner's jury acquitted Allen, though the coroner held him in \$1,000 bail to await the action of the Grand Jury. The accused will be arraigned for trial in the Court of General Sessions.

## Fiendish Outrage by Negroes.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., October 20.—Frances Otto, a German girl, eleven years old, was assaulted this afternoon near the city limits by two negroes, who outraged her terribly, using a knife. They were seen and fired upon by some gardeners. They returned the fire and escaped. A posse is in pursuit, and in case the negroes are captured it is proposed to burn them alive.

In Rochester Ind., on the night of the 22nd, two men, named Peters and Blackburn, engaged in a quarrel, resulting in Peters shooting the latter with a shot-gun, making an ugly and probably fatal wound.



## THE EVIL EYE.

Dramatic Episode in the Jefferson Market Police Court on the Trial of Albert Lavergne.

## LOUDER THAN WORDS

Was the Abject Terror of his Accuser Under his Malignant Gaze, in Testimony of his

## UNHEARD-OF FIENDISHNESS.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A strange story of infatuation, jealousy and fiendish cruelty to a wife, as astounding and sensational as the pages of a work of fiction, came to light recently in the proceedings before Judge Morgan, at the Jefferson Market Police Court.

Albert Lavergne is the name of the individual who figures in it as the villain. He is a man of remarkable appearance and a still more remarkable history. He claims to have been a king of one of the most powerful tribes in Mozambique, a diamond hunter in Brazil, a spy in the French army during the Franco-Prussian war, a miner in the Black Hills and a dealer in precious stones in Paris. He is known to be one of the best pistol shots on this continent and marvelously expert as a dagger thrower. He is a French Jew, about thirty years of age, who attempted suicide one year ago, and is now charged with having tried to kill his wife's sister on three different occasions. His personal history and the circumstances attending his crimes are highly sensational.

On Thursday afternoon, 17th inst., Officer Kelly was intrusted with a warrant for the arrest of Albert Lavergne, alias Levey, of 150 West Twenty-fifth street, and that evening about half-past five o'clock, accompanied by Officer Murray, of the Jefferson Market Court squad, he reached the house, asked for Lavergne as for an old acquaintance and was informed that he could be found in his room on the second floor. The police reached the door indicated by their informant and rapped for admission. Lavergne, who was in bed at the time, got up and without any hesitation

## OPENED THE PORTAL.

Officer Kelly placed his feet against it and said, "Albert Lavergne, I want you. Here's a warrant for your arrest."

"Who got it out against me?" he demanded.

"Mrs. Annie Perry and Miss Maggie Bennett, of 210 West Twenty-seventh street. They charge you with having attempted their lives."

"Pshaw! That is not so!" said Lavergne, who, being partly undressed, moved from the door and permitted the officers to enter. Kelly, who had been informed that the man was a desperado, kept his hand on his pistol and his eye on Lavergne. Officer Murray was on the watch, too, and Lavergne, who is keen and familiar with cries of this nature, kept perfectly cool, and stepped to a chair on which lay his pantaloons, from the pocket of which protruded the ivory butt of a revolver.

"Let your pistol alone," said Officer Kelly, quietly displaying his; "mine is much larger than it."

Lavergne laughed a little and put on his appendages. Meanwhile Officer Murray noticed in an open bureau drawer a large two edged dagger, which he immediately secured. A moment or two afterward the Frenchman accompanied his captors to the Sixteenth street station house, where he made

## THE FIRST OVERT OBJECTION TO HIS ARREST.

He struck at Officer Kelly in front of the sergeant's desk, but was overpowered instantly and hustled down-stairs to a cell.

On the following day he was brought before Justice Morgan on a charge of assault and threatening to kill, preferred against him by his sister-in-law, Mrs. Alice Perry.

Upon the case being called two well-dressed women, the elder bearing a babe in her arms, while her companion, who was young and handsome, nervously clutched hold of her dress, walked to the witness stand and took a position in front of the justice. When the accused was placed at the bar, the younger woman became deadly pale, and her face betrayed signs of the greatest agitation.

"Mr. Lavergne," said Justice Morgan to the prisoner, "your sister-in-law, Mrs. Perry, charges that you broke into her house at 210 West Twenty-seventh street, on the 15th of October, and beat her, and a terward threatened her life. Have you anything to say?"

"I don't know how that can be, for I was not near her house on that day, and I call on God to witness that I tell nothing but the truth?" was the reply.

"I have a witness, your Honor," said the lady with the child, who was the complaint. "My sister here, Miss Emma Bennett."

Miss Bennett, who, during the dialogue, had kept her head averted from the accused, at the

request of Justice Morgan, placed her hand on the Bible to swear to the statement she was about to make, and turned partially so as to bring her nearly

## FACE TO FACE WITH THE ACCUSED.

The prisoner turned and fastened his eyes upon her. She fixed her eyes upon him with a look of fear and horror, and never took them off his face once as she stepped mechanically and slowly upon the stand. She reached the upper step and could not move a foot farther. For a second Lavergne and she gazed steadily at each other. His face was corpse like. His lower jaw had dropped and trembled visibly with terrible emotion. His eyes looked positively tigerish. Their expression caused the two officers on the stand to draw closer to him, as if expecting that he would spring at the girl. She was spellbound with fear. Her eyes and nostrils dilated and she gasped for breath.

"You solemnly swear that the evidence you shall give ——" began the Judge.

"I swear that my life is in danger from this man!" shrieked the girl, and as the words fell from her lips she leaped off the platform and ran wildly across the court shrieking, "He'll kill me! He'll kill me!"

Women were seized with horror; the officers closed about the prisoner, who never moved, but whose eyes followed the girl wherever she went.

"Bring her up behind the desk!" said Judge Morgan, and the clerk escorted her to a seat alongside of his Honor.

"Now," said the Judge, taking her gently by the hand, "tell me all you know about this. He cannot hurt you here!"

Lavergne turned slowly about and fastened his eyes once more on the poor girl, who sat directly in front of him, separated from him only by the desk, on which he bent slowly forward and leaned his elbows.

"Well, Maggie, go on," said the Court.

"I know—I know! that he—will—murder—me!" hysterically sobbed Maggie once more, completely fascinated by

## THE PRISONER'S BALEFUL GLANCE.

She paused, averted to and fro for a moment, then fell forward into Clerk Brunner's arms. She had fainted.

Tenderly they laid the delicate creature on the floor and gently ministered to her. For ten or fifteen minutes she appeared like one who had just died. Then strong salts of ammonia and cold water revived her. Half rising, she stared wildly about her, and, catching sight of the cadaverous Lavergne, again shrieked in tones that rang through the building with startling effect: "He's going to murder me! Oh, he's going to kill me!" She dropped back on the carpet in convulsions.

"Take that man away out of sight; take him to prison!"

Lavergne was removed and so was Maggie. She was placed on the lounge in the judge's room, where, attended by her sister and others, she remained nearly two hours before she was sufficiently recovered to go home.

Justice Morgan held Lavergne in \$1,000 to keep the peace for twelve months, and to stand committed for that period unless the bail was furnished. His Honor added that no other judge was to accept bail but himself.

Miss Bennett told the reporters the following fearful story concerning Lavergne and his doings. She said: "You can't understand how frightfully bad he is. He married my sister two years ago and has nearly destroyed her, body and soul, since then. We three—Annie, Hazel, or Daisy, as we call her, and myself—are the daughters of good parents, who died long ago."

## "DAISY WAS THE BABY."

She is only nineteen now. She was young and foolish and fell desperately in love with this Frenchman when first she met him. She believed and so did we for a long time, that Lavergne was a wealthy French diamond broker, just arrived from Paris, and over head and ears in love with his beautiful young wife. He seemed to have plenty of money and we were happy because Daisy seemed to be.

"Everything went along well until one evening, while out on Sixth avenue on business, I saw Daisy sauntering slowly along and flirting with the gentleman who passed. I was horrified and powerless to move for some time. When, however, I recovered myself sufficiently to stir and act I prepared to hasten after her to learn what all this meant. I saw Albert, her husband, pass me and follow her at a leisurely pace. Oh, the whole thing seemed like a dream to me, and I could not understand it at all. But I watched that night and other nights, and every night, my God! my God! every night!" sobbed the poor girl, "until I found out what she was doing! My poor sister Daisy was a courtesan, acting under the eyes and orders of her husband. He lived off the wages of her shame. It almost drove me mad! It will drive me mad yet! Well, my sister came to us at last, just as we were about to go to her, and on her knees, broken-hearted, she told us the awful story. This man married her to trade and speculate on her beauty, and he did it at the dagger's point. He drove her out nightly into the streets and followed her twenty or thirty paces behind to see that she did not idle through remorse. He beat

her whenever conscience made her waver. Then I stepped in and

## TRIED TO SAVE HER.

"I remonstrated with the man and was told to mind my own business. I persisted, however, in my endeavors to save Daisy, and finally succeeded in getting them both to let me live with them at 102 West Fourteenth street. I was working in a store on Broadway at that time and thought, perhaps, my wages would support Lavergne, who was determined not to work. No use! no use! He beat and drove Daisy into the streets at night again and her health began to break down. He raved and railed violently at me, threatening to put a stop to my interference forever if I would not cease grumbling and let him do what he liked with Daisy. He had us altogether in a room with him one night and he was very violent. He swore and acted like a crazy man. Then he became cool in a minute, and turning to us both said: 'I am a man that won't stand any more humbug with you women. You must do as I say. If you don't I'll kill you. I could do it as easy as turn my hand. I've killed many better than you when I was diamond hunting. See here, I killed seven niggers once because they riled me, and I've put many more beside them. It's not much trouble to me to kill. See here.' With that he turned, walked to the bed-room door opposite, made a vertical chalk mark on it, stepped back to us sitting at the far end of the room, and, drawing a couple of daggers, hurled them one after another, as quick as thought, at the door, where they struck directly in the centre of the chalk line. They had gone clear through the panel. 'You see,' said he, pulling them out.

## "I CAN DO BETTER WITH A PISTOL."

That is the way I will kill any one that doesn't suit me and do what I tell them.' Another time he broke into my room early in the morning with a pistol and a dagger in his hands and said: 'Don't move in that bed till you answer my question. Are you my enemy or my friend? Reflect, your life depends on your answer,' and he presented the pistol at me as he spoke, I was so terrified that I could only say that I was his friend. He left the room then without doing me any harm. I was bound to save my sister, notwithstanding all this, and I never gave up trying to do so. We wanted her to leave him; but he never let her go out of his sight, that is to say, so far away from her that he could not pounce upon her in a minute. She dared not disobey him. I made an attempt to entice her away from him about a year ago, and he met me that night on Sixth avenue, near Twenty-sixth street. No sooner did he catch sight of me than he pulled a revolver from his pocket and rushed after me to shoot me. I fled along the avenue to Rushton's drug store, dashed in, begged of them to save me and fainted. Lavergne was almost at my heels. As I fell on the floor he reached the door and was confronted by the gentlemen in the place. His manner changed at once, and he pretended it was all a jest and disappeared. He has frequently sought an opportunity to murder me since then. The last time was on Wednesday last. Daisy had made her escape from him and left the city, thank God! and he blamed us for her flight. He came to our house in the morning and rapped at the door. Mrs. Perry's husband was out of the city and he was aware that we were alone.

## "I HEARD HIS VOICE AND HID."

Mrs. Perry stood by her children, but would not open the door. He smashed it in shortly and knocked Mrs. Perry down. He held a pistol in his hand and demanded his wife and me. He behaved in such a manner that Mrs. Perry fainted. When she recovered he had gone away."

Lavergne's own story of the matter and of his life, as related to the reporters, is as follows:

He was born in Lorraine, in France, in 1849, and was brought up in Paris, where he has a brother-in-law one of the best known diamond brokers in the country. At the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war he entered the French service and was employed as a spy near Strasbourg. He was captured by the Germans at Falsbourg and imprisoned at Reichstadt. He managed to escape thence, however, and returned to Paris under the Commune. Of this part of his career he would say little. He scraped together a good deal of money and emigrated to the Brazils, where he became a diamond hunter and afterward speculated in india rubber. He was quite successful, but his desire for change led him to Africa, and he reached Zanzibar when Henry M. Stanley was fitting out his expedition. He applied for enrolment in that service, but the great explorer informed him that he would not have any man with him who was in feeble health, as was Lavergne at that time. "I would leave my brother behind me," said Stanley to him, "if he were not able to keep up with me. I want no drones in this expedition."

Upon his recovery Lavergne went to the Portuguese penal settlement at Delagoa Bay and thence to Mozambique, where the natives, because of his wealth,

## MADE HIM THEIR KING.

Here he fell a victim to a fever and had to leave. He returned to Delagoa and thence to another part of that region where the slave trade

flourished. He had some difficulty in getting away from this place, where he was detained for two months; but he finally succeeded in reaching Zanzibar again, whence he was taken to France in a dying condition. He came to New York in 1876 with \$20,000 and met Daisy Bennett, or, as he knew her then, Hazel Barton, in a house of ill-fame. He was struck by her grace and beauty, and induced her to accompany him to Deadwood, in the Black Hills, where he went into mining speculation. Here he met with heavy reverses, which he attributed to Daisy's misconduct, and had to challenge a couple of men to deter others from making free with her. After leaving Deadwood he went to Chicago, where, he alleges, he started in the diamond brokerage. Here, he says, he purchased the Empress Eugenie's diadem, given at one time to Josie Mansfield by James Fisk. He brought it to New York and sold it to a diamond broker named Thomas. On his return to New York he married Daisy in May, 1877. In this city he had nothing but ill luck. He lost all his money, quarreled with his wife's relatives and was eternally in trouble.

"Did you live on your wife's shame?"

"I had to until I got something to do," coolly replied Lavergne, who was then removed to his cell.

## Thomas' Advent in Cincinnati.

(Subject of Illustration.)

If all the world does not know that Cincinnati is music-mad it will not be because Cincinnati has studiously refrained from exhibiting that fact to the world. Scarcely had the latest and most ecstatic phase of this "fine frenzy" subsided when a fresh paroxysm is experienced over the great master, Theodore Thomas. Cincinnati's triumphal emotions over the seduction of this immense musical lion from unappreciative New York and his permanent addition to her art, attractions have been almost painfully intense. His advent was hailed with something of the enthusiasm that marked the return of a conqueror in ancient Rome. All other business was laid aside, all other topics sunk into insignificance in the general outburst of triumph and welcoming.

One of the manifestations of this tumultuous emotion was a grand banquet given in his honor, on the night of the 16th inst., at the Queen City Club House, by the Cincinnati Musical Club. With accounts of the magnificence and enthusiasm of this immense occasion her journals fairly blazed, and for days the theme was on the tongue of each of her citizens from highest to lowest. It appears, however, that the affair had a sequel which has by no means so generally appeared. That sequel leaked out through the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, and is worth relating. Of course we must remember that St. Louis is not musically crazed, and, therefore, is incapable of viewing things from the plane of high art, as is Cincinnati. Also that she is a rival city and has no Theodore Thomas, and may, therefore, be moved a trifle by jealousy. Nevertheless the correspondent has evidently been there as a "looker on in Venice," though, mayhap, an envious one. Howbeit, this is the graphic manner in which he describes the wind-up of the glorious occasion:

"The whole party, including the dignified Theodore, got roaring drunk, and the scene was anything but æsthetic. The guests became dissatisfied at the limited amount of wine doled out at the club house, and about 1 o'clock adjourned to Reibel's beer hall, where cheaper liquors flowed like water. There the fun began. Mr. Thomas mixed a libation of beer in his silk hat and attempted to empty it into the hat of one of the Professors. Some of the members of the Musical Club sang questionable songs; then Mr. Thomas smashed a bottle or two on the table, and was imitated by several of the admirers. Thence the party adjourned to the Burnett House, where maudlin orgies began. The glorious drunk, as a whole, ended at 5 o'clock, and his associates went home satisfied that Theodore Thomas was the greatest Musical Director that ever lived."

## A Horrible Tragedy.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., October 24.—A horrible murder of a whole family was perpetrated four miles east of Vincennes, at an early hour this morning. The victims were John D. Vacelot, his wife and two children. Pierre Provost, the suspected murderer, had been assisting Vacelot in farm work. He declares he was awakened by a noise in the house, and saw five men struggling with the inmates. He immediately escaped by a window and ran to a neighbor's house and gave the alarm. The two boys were discovered on the bed with their heads horribly crushed and gashed. The old man was lying in the doorway. His body presented a fearful and sickening appearance. There had evidently been a terrible struggle. The wife was on the bed with five ghastly cuts on her face and across her throat. With the floors covered with blood, bed-clothes soaked, walls and ceilings spattered with blood and brains, it looked like a slaughter-house. Provost, the alleged murderer, is in jail in Vincennes. Robbery is supposed to have been the inducement.





CINCINNATI'S MUSICAL CRAZE—HOW THE ADVENT OF THEODORE THOMAS WAS CELEBRATED IN PORKOPOLIS—SEE PAGE 3.

**A Converted Chinese's Row.**

(Subject of Illustration.)

PORTLAND, Oregon, October 8.—The Chinaman who was so brutally mutilated at the Joss House, a few days since, by his countrymen, was alive and conscious this forenoon. The wounds he received would have killed almost instantly ninety-nine men in a hundred. The head was cleft open with an ax, one shot went through him, another ploughed through his body at the base of the stomach, and yet another perforated above the hip, near the side, in rear, and effected a passage near the groin. He was sufficiently conscious this morning, or at least thought so, to identify his murderers, at the instance of the deputy prosecuting attorney. The Christian spirit that pervades the community was noticeable in the case of this fatally wounded Chinaman by its entire absence. For nearly twenty-four hours his body was permitted to lie upon a naked board with a block of wood for a pillow beneath his cleft head, and there the unfortunate fellow lay groaning with agony in a semi-conscious state during the long night, without a friendly hand to moisten his parched lips. His compatriots stood around the couch with careless indifference, manifesting no concern and volunteering no services. The unfeeling animals even refused to lend a cloth or towel to wipe the blood from the face of the dying man, and in answer to every question, the heartless wretches

only uttered "Me no sabe, me no sabe!"

From what we can learn, the sanguinary affair was brought on by Chin Su Ying, the wounded man, who was equally bigoted and fanatic since his conversion to Christianity as his idolatrous countrymen. On Tuesday afternoon he entered the Joss House, and in the presence of a crowd of worshipers began to show his contempt by despoiling one of their idols of its gaudy trappings. They expostulated, and, he persisting, they unceremoniously ejected him from the premises. Yesterday afternoon he returned and ascended to the principal temple on the upper floor, and in the presence of a multitude of angry jabbering men, decorated their chief god, a diminutive and puppet-like figure. He was instantly surrounded by a hundred menacing and yelling pigtails. Charlie Quang and Lee Chung, two powerful, intelligent Mongolians, beginning the attack. Quang is said to have placed his pistol to Ying's body and fired five times, Chung using a sharp and heavy hatchet with telling effect. Two others are also said to have been implicated, one of whom stabbed him slightly in the left hand. Chin Su Ying fell to the floor like a butchered ox as he received the blow on the head, and lay there bleeding in a horrible manner, presenting a ghastly spectacle.

Intense excitement prevailed for a while after the murderous assault, and a thousand persons, white men and Chinamen stood on the outside of the building, unable to gain admittance. The

Chinese all profess ignorance of the causes that led to the affray, and refuse to disclose or volunteer any information. The police arrested nine Mongolians who were supposed to have witnessed the quarrel, but subsequently discharged them, as they obtained the names of the principals and soon thereafter arrested them. There is no possible excuse for the cowardly murder, and the probabilities are the guilty men are in custody, but the Chinese are confident they will be acquitted, as they insist Charlie Quang was not present at the quarrel, and they can prove an alibi in his case. Hundreds of them are ready to swear to that effect. Quang has been interpreter for his countrymen for years. He is an intelligent fellow, with great influence over them, and knew how to feather his nest at their expense.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., October 22.—A Bowling Green (Ky.) dispatch says the Scottsville stage driver brought the intelligence to town last evening of a murder committed at Span's Mill, midway between here and Scottsville. Chaffin had taken Newton's wife with the intention of eloping. Newton seized a double-barrel shotgun, pursued them and literally shot Chaffin's head into fragments. He then took his wife behind him and returned in the direction of home. Newton has not been seen since. A posse is in hot pursuit of him. Chaffin was left prostrate with his brains strewn all over the ground.

**Fierce Fight with Burglars.**

(Subject of Illustration.)

TOLEDO, Ohio, October 17.—The police enjoyed a fierce fight with burglars at an early hour this morning. By some means they learned that burglars intended a job on 83 Jefferson street, a wholesale surgical instrument establishment. Officers McCarty, MacMahon, Brown and Hubert were detailed to take care of them. Hubert and Brown secreted themselves in the store, and the other officers took places outside out of sight. About one o'clock their patient waiting was rewarded. Two burglars appeared at a short distance as a guard, and another approached a window and, cutting the fastenings, entered. The two officers within aimed to keep out of the way and await the entrance of the whole party, but by an accident the crackman ran right upon their place of hiding. A fierce struggle ensued in the dark, and the thief was overpowered and put in irons. Meanwhile, outside a pistol fight at close range took place between officers and burglars two on each side. All emptied their pistols, exchanging shot for shot, the burglars retreating and finally escaping, so that but the one within the store was secured, who was arraigned in the police court this morning, and will undoubtedly go over the road. There were several other burglaries during the day yesterday, indicating the infection of the city with an organized gang of burglars.



BERNIGHI, AN ITINERANT ITALIAN SHOWMAN, DEVoured BY HIS TRAINED BEAR, BEFORE A CROWD OF SPECTATORS, IN WELDON, N. C.—SEE PAGE 13.



A FATAL RUNAWAY IN CENTRAL PARK—PATRICK BUTLER, A WEALTHY MANUFACTURER, THROWN FROM HIS CARRIAGE AND KILLED, AND HIS WIFE FATALY INJURED.—SEE PAGE 13.



## Life Struggle with a Maniac.

(Subject of Illustration.)

FAIR, Pa., October 19.—On Saturday last a rather finely-dressed and well-appearing man landed at Fair Point, Chautauqua Lake, and engaged board for a fortnight at the Palace Hotel. There was nothing unnatural in his appearance, nor did it seem at all remarkable when he attended church on Sunday morning and bowed in fervent prayer near the altar. People noting his conspicuous position looked with admiring wonder upon the man who, regardless of the scolding vision of the whole congregation, manifested his religious zeal in the most emphatic manner. On Monday morning the stranger strolled out near the lake, and there met Mr. George Irwin, a somewhat noted duck-hunter, who had just come in with his dog and gun. The stranger affably greeted Mr. Irwin, and asked to be allowed to examine his gun. Mr. Irwin unsuspectingly handed over the weapon, when the stranger carefully examined it, then cocked it, and, holding it toward Mr. Irwin, asked him how he would rather die—would he prefer being drowned to being shot? Mr. Irwin, regarding the question as a joke, replied that if it was necessary for him to die right there and then, he preferred taking a turn in the water. It was then that the stranger's eyes glared with maniacal frenzy, and dashing the gun upon the sand, he grappled with the now terrified Irwin. The struggle was a desperate one. The maniac was a powerful man, and with an iron grip dragged the sportsman to the water's edge, when the struggle for life and death became even more desperate. Finally they both fell into the water and while floundering there some men who stood at a short distance ran to the rescue and were scarcely able to release the victim from the maniac's clutch. His clothes were nearly all torn from his body and he was terribly bruised by the brief but fearful encounter. Just about this time a small steamer came up to the dock. It required four strong men to put the maniac on board. He was taken to Mayville and lodged in jail. He persistently refused to give his name, declaring as a reason for his conduct that it was necessary to sacrifice some life to the consecration of the Sunday school ground at that place; that he had been chosen as the instrument of death. He seemed to talk sanely about the matter, and regarded Mr. Irwin as an unappreciative man, because, as he said, it was clearly in his power to shoot Irwin upon the spot, whereas he had given him his choice of death, and when about to yield his preference four worldly friends appeared upon the scene and interfered. The affair created considerable excitement at Fair Point and is



GEORGE IRWIN'S STRUGGLE FOR LIFE WITH A MANIAC, ON CHAUTAUQUA LAKE, NEAR FAIR POINT, N. Y.

the one topic of conversation in that vicinity.

## A Duel With Cowhides.

(Subject of Illustration.)

BOYDTON, Va., October 18.—Hon. A. Hatchet, former editor and proprietor of the Mecklenburg Democrat, and General H. W. Krenheimer, the present editor, had a rencounter on the street on Tuesday, which was as lively as it was unique. The fuss grew out of political matters, and the last two or three issues of the Democrat contained very abusive articles on Mr. Hatchet. On Tuesday this gentleman grew desperate, and told his friends that he could stand it no longer, he must have satisfaction, his honor must be vindicated, Krenheimer must be punished. A duel with deadly weapons was thought of, but that idea was abandoned, and Hatchet concluded that the proper thing would be to disgrace his enemy by cowhiding him. He accordingly equipped himself in the morning with a long cowhide, and accompanied by his brother Ben, sallied forth, determined to make the fur fly. It seems that General Krenheimer had got wind of Hatchet's plan and was ready with a cowhide to meet him.

The Hon. Hatchet is a gentleman of remarkably handsome physique; he is tall and well proportioned; his eye is keen and piercing, and his nose and mouth are classically chiseled. In dress, he is stylish to the extreme.

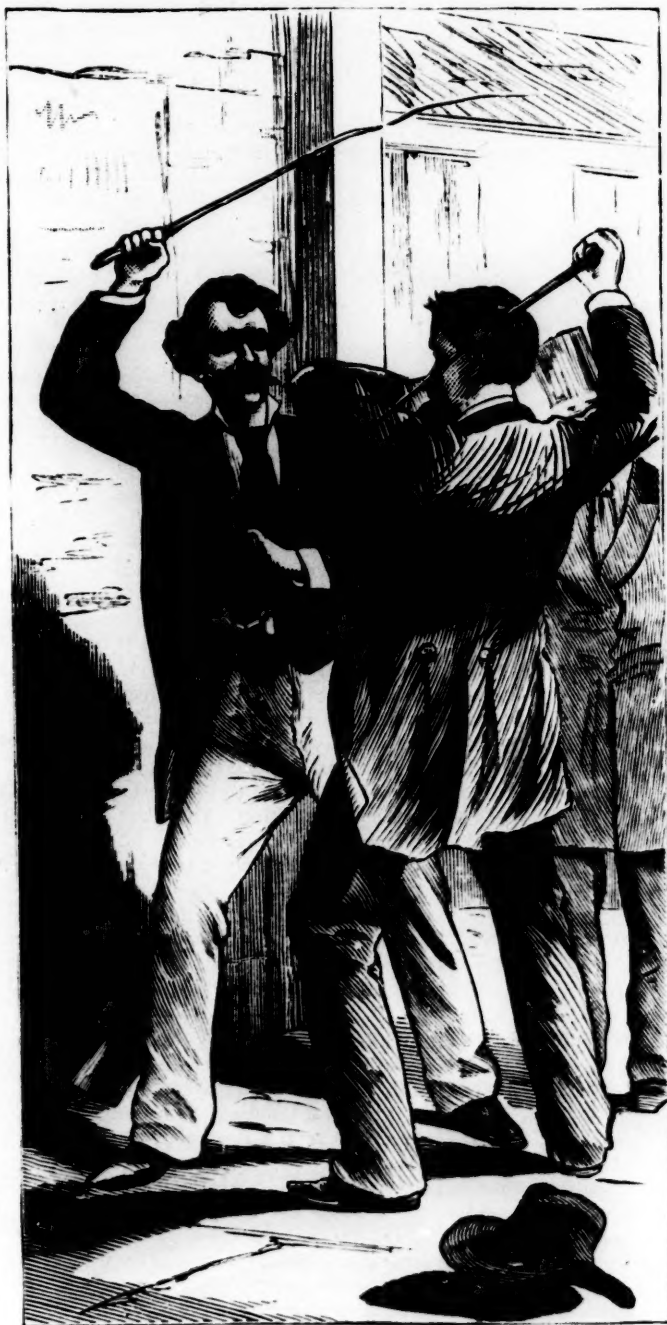
General Krenheimer is a gentleman of medium build; his face is not handsome, but strongly marked, and he has the reputation of being the pluckiest man in this section of the state.

Hatchet and brother ran suddenly upon Krenheimer on Main street. He drew a cowhide from his sleeve and proceeded to use it on the General, striking him across the face; but the General was not far behind. He pulled a cowhide from his sleeve and promptly began to use it on Hatchet. The licks were hard and rapid on both sides. While the fun was in progress the General's brother William ran up and drew a knife on the enemy. Ben Hatchet, who was by his brother's side, drew a revolver and used the butt end of it on the General's head. The bystanders then rushed in, and it was feared that a serious melee would result. As it was, after Krenheimer had got the best of the cowhiding the fighters were separated, but the butt end of the pistol and the knife had inflicted painful injuries on the respective parties. Great excitement prevails.

## A Fatal Thunderbolt.

(Subject of Illustration.)

VALPARAISO, Ind., October 19.—During a heavy storm here at noon on Tuesday, three boys named Brown, Curtis, and Skinner, standing together near the old school house door, were struck by lightning and Brown instantly killed.



DUEL WITH COWHIDES BETWEEN HON. A. HATCHET AND GEN. KRENHIMER, AT BOYDTON, VA.

The other two boys were badly injured, but not fatally.

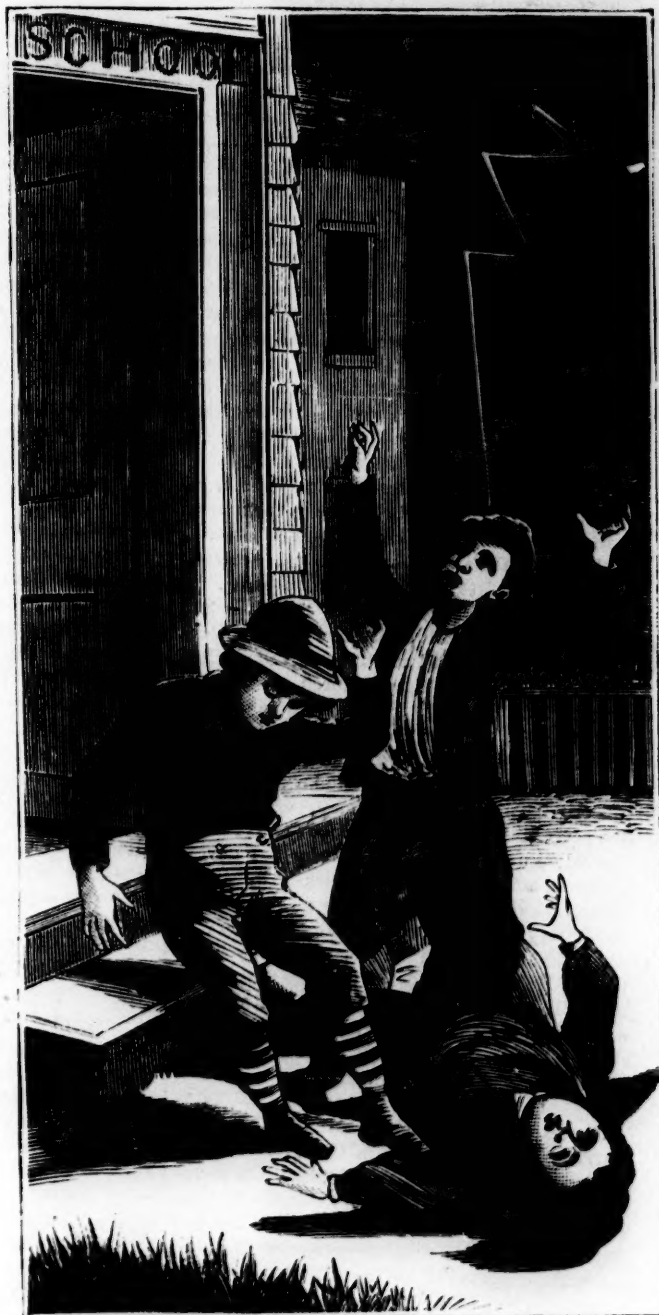
## VESUVIAN VILLAINS.

Thrilling Adventure of Two American Girls Abroad.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Two American girls determined to ascend to the crater of Vesuvius during the first week of September, and according to the statement of an Englishman who wrote immediately a full account of the matter to the Times (London), narrowly escaped—not falling in and finding "there was nothing in it"—but being swindled. They were informed at the hotel, and also by a trusty guide, that there was no danger from the condition of the mountain; but the journey should be performed at night, as the heat of the day was oppressive. They were advised to be on the cone by sunrise. A gentleman, who was a stranger to them, and, perhaps, less plucky, but who proved good company, agreed to accompany them; and the three employed a safe courier, who spoke English. The party went to Pompeii in the afternoon, rested from 7 till 12 o'clock, and then, at midnight, after a cup of strong coffee, started out upon what they supposed must prove to them a delightful excursion. By 3 A. M. all were on the summit. The wind howled and blew the sulphurous smoke into their lungs and eyes, and the fires only partly lighted up the darkness. Then the ten Italian guides asked the ladies to descend the outer crater, in order to compel them to pay a fee for an "extra." They declined to go. The courier was appealed to for his influence to induce them to go. He simply asked them if they wished to go, and upon their saying no, told the men so. They became only the more exasperated, and began quarreling with the courier. He remained good-natured, but they bantered him, clenched their fists, and then went through a scene which beggars description. Fancy the night, the place, the persons—two ladies and a stranger, with ten Italians bent on robbing them of money—and these demons before the glare of this hell fighting the courier himself. The ladies had desired to be carried up the cone on the chaise always in waiting, but were asked 40 francs each for their service—nearly 25 for the three; and that, in consequence of the conduct of the men, no pleasure whatever was derived at the summit.

At 8 A. M. they reached Pompeii again, glad to be with civilized people, although drenched to the skin by the rain, which began at 7, and which they hurried through on horseback in order to be out of the reach of the scoundrels who seemed to infest the region of Vesuvius.



A FATAL THUNDERBOLT—THREE BOYS STRUCK BY LIGHTNING, AT VALPARAISO, IND.



## SAD SEQUEL

To a Story of a Wife's Weakness, a Friend's Treachery and a Broken Home, as Revealed in the

### BEALS DIVORCE SUIT.

The Fair Defendant, Released From her Broken Marriage Vows, is Wedded to her Paramour

ON HER DEATH-BED THE SAME DAY.

A few months ago Henry Channing Beals brought suit in the Nineteenth District Court of San Francisco, Cal., for divorce from his wife, Mary E. W. Beals. Pending the decision in the case, the circumstances of which have already been detailed in the GAZETTE, Mrs. Beals brought a counter suit in the same court against Mr. Beals for alimony without divorce, which suit was denied by Judge Wheeler. Subsequently Judge Wheeler, hearing that the defendant was quite ill and sinking rapidly, examined the papers and granted H. Channing Beals a decree of divorce on the grounds as prayed for in the complaint, and permitted the defendant to resume her maiden name—Mary Eliza Ward. An additional chapter in this sad family history was recently told by the San Francisco papers, as follows:

#### MARRIED.

GARDINER-WARD.—In this city, October 4, B. Gardiner to Miss Mary E. Ward.

#### DIED.

GARDINER.—In this city, October 4, of Bright's disease of the kidneys, Mary Eliza, wife of B. Gardiner. Her friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral to-morrow (Sunday) at 2 o'clock p. m., from her late residence, 1520 Eddy street.

Baldwin Gardiner, the party of the first part mentioned in the first notice, is the party whom it is said was taken by Mr. Beals to his house when but a child, and

#### TREATED AS A MEMBER OF THE FAMILY.

As he reached the age of manhood, it is averred that he entered into such relations with Mrs. Beals that the two were ejected from the house of the husband, together with the two children of Mrs. Beals. Mrs. Beals and her two children took up their residence at the house of Mr. Gardiner's mother, 1520 Eddy street, and shortly afterward she was taken seriously ill. Her malady growing rapidly worse, and her great solicitation for the future social standing of her two children, caused Judge Wheeler when the facts of the case were laid before him, to immediately grant the divorce as prayed for by Mr. Beals. At 4 p. m., of the same day Mrs. Beals, then Mary Eliza Ward, was married to Baldwin Gardiner, and one hour and a half later, or at half-past 5 p. m., she was no more, having amid great suffering passed away.

The divorce case of Henry Channing Beals agt. Mary E. W. Beals has owing to its remarkable demonstration, in the divorce, re-marriage, and death of the defendant, all within the short space of three and one-half hours, attracted the attention of even those to whom an ordinary sensation

#### WOULD HAVE NO CHARM.

Still another was added to the already numerous chapters of this sad family history by the funeral of the late Mrs. Beals-Gardiner. The absence of all the immediate relatives of the deceased woman by her first marriage was noticeable.

The former marriage between Mr. Beals and the young and beautiful Miss Mary Eliza Ward was solemnized in 1854 at what was then called the Unitarian, or Dr. Gray's church, on Stockton street. The marriage ceremony was accompanied by the baptism, for the first time, of Mrs. Beals. Both services were conducted by a now eminent divine, presiding over a large parish in this city. This same clergyman, who twenty-five years since performed the above ceremony, was called upon at an early hour on the day in question, and shown a decree issued by Judge Wheeler, annulling the marriage on the ground of adultery on the part of the wife, and allowing her to assume her maiden name of Mary Eliza Ward. He was again asked to unite once more Miss Ward in the bonds of wedlock with Baldwin Gardiner, the very man with whom the alleged liaison had previously existed, which caused her husband to seek and

#### OBTAIN THE DIVORCE.

The ostensible reason for desiring this hasty marriage was the fact that Miss Ward was lying seriously ill and failing rapidly, and that it was the desire of Mr. Gardiner and herself to become husband and wife ere her death, so that the two little boys, aged respectively seven and nine years, the offspring of their guilty union, might receive the benefit of the following law of the State of California: The child born before wedlock becomes legitimate by the subsequent marriage of its parents. The clergyman proceeded to marry Baldwin Gardiner, on Eddy street, in which Mrs. Beals sought an asylum, after leav-

ing her husband's roof, some months since, and where she has since resided.

Here, by the bedside of the dying woman, Mr. Gardiner, in the presence of the clergyman and others, made a solemn declaration of his paternity, after which, at about 4 p. m., the clergyman pronounced the solemn words by which the divorced, guilty and dying woman was made the wife of the living cause and partner of her shame. After this Mrs. Gardiner sank rapidly, and, within one hour and a half, or about half-past five o'clock, she was no more.

Mr. Beals says: "Baldwin Gardiner, formerly known as Baldwin G. Cooke, was not taken into my family at the age of ten years, but was simply an errand boy in my store twenty-five years ago. Mrs. Beals was never ejected from the house of the husband; quite the contrary. She left without my knowledge and during my absence from home, taking with her much of value. She did not go to the house of Mr. Gardiner's mother, as you state, but went to the house on Eddy street, hired for the purpose by Baldwin Gardiner, his mother not living there at all; in fact, Mrs. Beals and Mrs. Gardiner had not been on speaking terms for a year or two."

#### Bouncing Beecher.

The Oil City, Pa., Derrick says: Many persons in the Oil Regions will regret to hear of the death of Bob Brooks, which occurred at Memphis, Tenn., a few days since, of yellow fever. Bob was a printer before he became too nervous to set type. When he was obliged to throw down the stick and rule he pumped on oil wells at different times, in the Butler district, and finally took to the road. He was one of the best fellows in the world, but like other good fellows, whisky was his bane. He would never consent to be classed with tramps, but insisted that he was "a cosmopolitan, or, as Noah Webster would say, a citizen of the world, with no fixed abode." We recall one incident of Bob's last visit to the oil country. It was last season. Beecher was lecturing through this section at the time and the distinguished preacher dropped into a newspaper office in a small oil town to make some inquiry concerning trains. As it happened the editor and employes were out to dinner, but Bob Brooks, who had dropped in to pay his respects and borrow a quarter, was comfortably seated in the editor's chair, as usual half seas over, and as ragged and disreputable in appearance as it is possible to imagine. Bob knew Beecher was in town, and recognized him at once, although he had never met him before.

"I have called," said Mr. Beecher, pausing on the threshold, "to ask—"

"Why, blast my eyes," exclaimed Bob, rising from his chair and crossing the office at two strides; "blast my eyes, if it ain't my old friend Henry Ward, fresh from modern Sodom and Gomorrah known as Brooklyn," and he seized Mr. Beecher's hand and dragged him into the little dive.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Beecher, gently resisting the hospitable Bob; excuse me; I just called to—"

"No apologies, you old bird with a broad and sweeping wing," exclaimed Bob, in the exuberance of his joy; "come right in," and he continued to drag the great man toward a chair.

"I called to see—"

"I know it, and I ought to boot you for not calling years ago; but I'm glad to see you all the same; how have you been? how's business? how's all our gay and festive friends in B.? How's Mrs.—"

But Beecher broke away from Brooks and fled precipitately down the stairs.

When the boys came back to the office Bob told them of the cordial reception he had given Mr. Beecher, and referring to that gentleman's unseemly haste in departing, said that "the clatter of the great divine's No. 10s, as he broke for the street, sounded like an army with banners."

He protested by all the gods at once that he only intended to inquire after the health of Mrs. Beecher, and not to rake up old personalities. "However," said Bob, with considerable spirit, "let the stricken deer go weep; this little episode only serves to impress on my mind the truth that a quickened conscience needs no accuser."

#### Davis, the Mail-Robber.

[With Portrait.]

On another page we give a portrait of William Davis, alias "Big Nosed Bill," the leader of a gang of mail-robbers and desperadoes who have committed numerous depredations in Wyoming Territory, and who, on September 25th robbed the mail-coach from Fort McKinney, on Clear Fork, of the Powder river. The robbers not only robbed the coach, but also took all the horses belonging to the party, the passengers and escort being obliged to foot it to the post. Davis and his gang are still at large, but a posse is in search of them and they will doubtless soon meet the fate which eventually is meted out to all such characters in spite of the immunity which the unsettled condition of affairs in that section allows such characters to temporarily enjoy

## VENETIAN VENGEANCE.

Horrible Crime of an Italian Raviher and its Awful Punishment by a Frenzied Husband--Drifting Helplessly in the Adriatic and Eaten Alive by Birds of Prey.

[Subject of Illustration.]

One morning early in July last two Englishmen who were boating in the lagune between Venice and the mainland had their attention attracted to a floating object about which a number of sea birds hovered, ever and anon swooping down on it and rising again, but never flying far away. On instituting a closer inspection the cause of their movements was found to be a man—or rather what was left of a man.

He was bound hand and foot, and his limbs were broken in a dozen places, as if with blows of a bar or the blunt edge of an ax. Fastened to each of his shoulders, in such a way that their buoyant bulk supported his head above water, while the remainder of his body was submerged, was one of the large jars used by the peasants of the Maremma to keep wine in. They were carefully corked and tarred, to render them air and water tight.

The man was yet alive, but unable to speak, for his tongue was so swollen that it protruded from his mouth. He was mutilated beyond recognition, too. The flesh had been stripped from his face and head till the skull and muscles were in many places laid bare. The strong beaks of the sea fowl had torn his nose and ears off, and his eyes had been plucked out.

He died an hour after his horrified discoverers handed him at the gate of the public hospital, without sufficiently recovering to give a clue to THE IDENTITY OF HIS ASSASSINS.

A strict search among the farmers of the mainland, however, resulted in the arrest of Luigi Parmaschetti and his two brothers. They confessed themselves the guilty men, and without hesitation, told the following ghastly story, which has been substantiated in its entirety by a score of witnesses:

Parmaschetti was one of the small farmers whose plantations supply the market of Venice with fruit and vegetables. He was an honest, well meaning fellow, tolerably prosperous, according to the modest standard of wealth among his neighbors. His wife was a remarkably handsome woman of thirty, who had been a lace-worker in Venice. They had one child—a little girl eight years old.

In Parmaschetti's employ was a man named Tedaldo, a skillful gardener, who attended to the cultivation of the little farm while his master was absent. Tedaldo had conceived a violent passion for the farmer's handsome wife, and made such propositions that she informed her husband, who thrashed the presumptuous peasant within an inch of his life, and then discharged him. The discomfited libertine crawled away

#### THREATENING VENGEANCE.

Two nights before the discovery of the dying man in the lagune Parmaschetti set out, as usual, at midnight, with a boat-load of garden truck for the early market. His wife, as was customary with her, rose to prepare him a cup of coffee before he left. When she returned to her room she noticed that the window was open, but as the night was oppressively warm, she did not close it again.

She had fallen into a doze when a noise in the room aroused her, and she saw a man, clad only in a pair of pantaloons such as the fishermen of the lagune wear, standing between her and the window. He held a knife in his hand, and at the startled cry she uttered leaped upon her and clutched her by the throat.

"If you utter a word or attempt to call for help," he hissed, "I will cut the heart out of you." And he attempted to overpower her and accomplish his infamous purpose. The woman, however, was strong and fought fiercely for her honor. The struggle roused the child, who was sleeping beside her mother, and in her fright she slipped out of bed and hid underneath it. The noise she made in doing this diverted the attention of the villain from his victim, and she managed to wrench herself free and spring out of bed. That which followed is almost

#### TOO DREADFUL FOR BELIEF.

The woman had bolted the door when she went to bed, and the assassin, on entering, had closed and secured the window. So she found herself a prisoner. In the middle of the room was a large round table, and around it the wretched woman began to run with the fleetness of despair. Her assailant, knife in hand, followed her.

Several times he laid hands on her, and each time she broke from his grasp. Every effort he made to head her off was unsuccessful. Then he resorted to the knife. Making a slash at her he laid her left shoulder open. Stabs and slashes followed in rapid succession, till the blood poured from the poor hunted creature in a steady stream. She ran as long as her strength lasted, begging her murderer constantly to spare her. He replied with curses and redoubled violence. At last he hurled the knife at her. It buried itself in her thigh, and she fell.

Throwing himself upon her, the scoundrel ravished her, and, alarmed by the approach of daylight, left her to bleed to death, and fled.

Petrified by terror, the child had witnessed the whole of this dreadful scene

#### FROM HER COVERT UNDER THE BED.

As soon after the assassin's departure as her fright permitted, she roused the neighbors. By the time they arrived the woman was quite dead. Her corpse was disfigured by thirty-two ghastly wounds.

Parmaschetti was summoned from Venice, and a search was begun for Tedaldo, whom the child had recognized as the murderer. Late that afternoon he was discovered in the yard of a farm far up the lagune, concealed under a manure heap.

Parmaschetti drove the tines of a pitchfork in his breast and held him down while his brothers smashed his legs and arms with the bar from the farm house door. They filled his mouth with dirt to stifle his cries, and, having battered him till they were tired, were about to roast him alive, when one of the brothers suggested that they should set him adrift in the Adriatic for the birds and fishes to devour. Accordingly they poured a jar of oil over his head to attract the gulls, and hauling him to the strand by his shattered legs, launched him in the shape in which he was found.

The three men have been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment at hard labor, each; but a strong petition is being circulated for their pardon.

#### Abducting Her Own Child.

[Subject of Illustration.]

NORWICH, Conn., October 23.—About three years ago J. De Trafford Blackstone, son of Lorenzo Blackstone, the wealthiest resident of this city, and a nephew to T. B. Blackstone, President of the Chicago and Alton railroad, was married to Miss Lillie Osborne, who was playing in the Park Theatre in New York city. Mr. Blackstone, the husband, took up his residence in an elegant house in the most aristocratic quarter of this city. A beautiful boy was born, which is now about two years old. The couple lived unhappily, and last winter Mr. Blackstone obtained a divorce from his wife, who then went to New York city to live with her stepfather, Mr. Kidder, and has occasionally visited her child in its Norwich home since the separation. About a week ago the divorced wife visited Norwich, and took the child and its nurse to ride in her carriage. This morning she arrived in this city in company with three men, one of whom is her stepfather, and the others reputed New York detectives. This afternoon, in a driving rain storm, she was driven with her escorts in a hack to the home of her late husband, who is traveling with his father and uncle through the west. She ran up the steps and rang the door bell. The maid opened the door and she entered the reception room. She asked for the babe, and the nurse brought it and placed it in her arms. She fondled it for a moment and kissed it. Then she turned suddenly and ran out of the house and entered her carriage, bearing the child in her arms. The carriage was at once driven down the street. The nurse ran after it, begging the driver to stop. It went rapidly on, and the nurse followed bareheaded until she came to the police station, which she entered, and sank fainting on the floor. Then she started up and cried, "They've got the baby!" Officers were despatched to the railroad depots and to the City of Lawrence, which lay at her wharf. The divorced wife was found on the steamer. An order of arrest was issued, and she was prevailed upon to go to the office of Colonel Ripley, who had been her counsel in the past. Mr. Ripley said that he knew of no law that would compel a mother to surrender her child, and she was permitted to withdraw. Then, with the child and her three assistants, she entered the carriage and was driven into Preston, an adjoining town. It is believed to-night that they are making for Rhode Island or some other point outside of Connecticut jurisdiction. They had hardly rolled out of sight before the influential friends of Mr. Blackstone had resolved to procure their arrest at any cost. Officers were despatched in carriages in pursuit of the fugitives, and Sheriff Bates started on horseback late to-night on the same errand. The affair has produced the liveliest kind of excitement here.

While a threshing machine belonging to a Mr. Scott, was engaged in threshing a lot of wheat in a field near Columbia, Mo., recently, the machine took fire from the friction of the machinery near the separator. The operator of the machine had neglected to oil it properly, and it was running at an unusual degree of speed when the flames burst through the straw, which at the time, nearly enveloped the separator. The machine was in a blaze before the laborers had time to think or act. Horses were finally hitched to the separator, which was drawn some distance from the straw and the stack from which they were threshing, but not in time to save either. The machine was totally consumed, also the stack of wheat.



**TORTURED BY REMORSE.**

**The Horrifying Revelation of Ill-  
Love and Murder Made by a  
Suicide in his**

**DYING DECLARATION.**

**He Accuses Himself of Unfaithfulness  
and his Alleged Paramour of  
Poisoning his Wife.**

**THRILLING SCENE AT HIS GRAVE.**

(Subject of Illustration.)

What gives signs of developing into a cold-blooded murder, the victim of which is a lady of respectability, and the means of the dark deed—a dose of poison covertly administered—has come to light in the township of New Utrecht, L. I. The name of the deceased is Mrs. Eliza Cooper. She died at her residence in New Utrecht on the 19th of July last, but two days before was apparently in excellent health. Returning to her house from Bath toward nightfall she was seized with violent vomiting. A physician was summoned, but his aid was without avail. She expired in intense suffering, internal rupture being supposed to have been the cause of death. During the period that elapsed from the commencement of her illness to her death she offered no explanation as to the cause of her sudden sickness save once, when she muttered to her son, "Something must have been in that beer I drank." The assertion, however, in the excitement and grief of the family was passed over as fanciful and was soon forgotten.

From the day of her death her husband, William B. Cooper, (the nephew of the distinguished author, J. Fenimore Cooper), was a changed man. He became sullen and dejected, and his children tried in vain to

ROUSE HIM FROM HIS GRIEF.

He brooded over the death of his wife early and late. About six weeks ago he attempted to commit suicide by cutting the veins of his wrist with a razor and bleeding to death, but the act was discovered by his friends in time to save his life. After this his family carefully watched him and sought by more vigorous efforts to turn his mind from the remembrance of his wife's death. During this time he attended to his business regularly, coming to New York every day and returning home at night, but his melancholy followed him to his daily work until it became noticeable by nearly all who came in contact with him.

A few weeks after his unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide by bleeding to death he again tried to take his life. This time he had recourse to a pistol. He borrowed one from a neighbor, saying that he wanted to shoot some chickens, and hurried home with it. His brother-in-law happened to meet him on his way home, and divining from his haggard appearance that something was wrong, followed him and succeeded in taking the weapon away from him just as he was about to blow out his brains.

After this Mr. Cooper was more closely watched than ever. No change was noticed in his demeanor, but he seemed to be nursing some great secret sorrow. About this time Conductor Bushnell, of the Brooklyn, Bath and Coey Island Railroad, often had Mr. Cooper as a passenger on his train. He would seat himself on the steps of the car and reach forward to look at the wheels, as if their movement had some great charm. On different occasions he was pulled back when he seemed about to

CAST HIMSELF UNDER THE CAR.

The occupants of the house where he lived would often see him wandering about in the night time, acting strangely and speaking to himself. He kept a bright light burning in his room, and far into the night he could be seen pacing the floor.

A few weeks ago he said to one of the members of his family, "I will follow my wife on the same day of the month on which she died. On Friday morning, 18th, he called his little ones to his side and told them to get ready to be dressed in new clothes, as that would soon be necessary—an allusion, it is thought, to the mourning they would have to wear. The same day he instructed one of the family to go where he kept his money and get enough to buy the dinner with. "As for me," he said, "I'll not need any."

On the same night his son, William B. Cooper, Jr., slept with him, and in the middle of the night heard his father groan. He called his step-brother, Eugene Tyrrel, and they looked at their sleeping father, but seeing nothing wrong returned to bed. Toward daylight they were again awakened by groans, and again looking they saw their father in the throes of death. Dr. Demund was hastily summoned, but it was too late. Death soon came. A small phial marked "Pil. morphia sulph., one quarter grain," which was found near the bedside, told the tale of self-destruction. It contained six morphine pills. The coroner's jury brought in a

VERDICT OF SUICIDE BY POISON.

The following writing was found on a piece of

paper in the pocket of the deceased. The paper was somewhat soiled and wore the appearance of having been in his pocket some days:

"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

"It is impossible for me to live any longer, for life is only a burden to me. My name is W. B. Cooper. I was roped into a criminal infatuation for a woman, and my wife being taken sick I assert that she was poisoned by —, and also charge — as having a hand as accessory to the murder. I hope they will be arrested on suspicion, as also —. God forgive me my past sins; it was those women who entangled me from a true and loving wife and mother."

On the back of the paper was written the following:

"God, O God, my heart is bursting with grief and remorse at the loss of a wife in an unguarded hour I forgot for another, and that one is —."

"I say here before meeting my God that I did nothing to cause her death except neglect. Anything else I charge to the other persons named in this letter. Will some kind friends take my two children to Mrs. Fuller, No. 29 St. Mark's place, New York city! I know she will put them where they will be better cared for than I can."

The blanks in the above writing are filled in the original with the names of three women residing in Brooklyn. Judge Cropsey, who has charge of the case as acting coroner, declines as yet to make them public, but he

INTENDS TO ARREST THEM.

His investigation of the case has brought to light a number of letters showing, it is stated, a criminal intimacy between one of the females named and the late Mr. Cooper. The strongest evidence discovered by Judge Cropsey, however, is the fact that the female who is named in the note left by deceased as the murderer of his wife was with the latter at Bath, L. I., on the day of her sudden and mysterious illness, and was seen to give her a glass of beer. Another link in the chain of evidence is an allusion in one of her letters to a coolness between Mrs. Cooper and herself.

Among the persons called on by Judge Cropsey, in the course of his investigation, was the physician who attended Mrs. Cooper just before her death. On being questioned as to the cause of death and informed with regard to the suspicion of foul play, he stated that the vomiting and convulsions which took place might have been caused by poison, but as no suspicion in that regard was entertained at the time no post-mortem examination was made.

On the 21st the Judge gave orders that the body be exhumed and an examination had to determine whether the deceased had been poisoned.

The deceased, William B. Cooper, was buried on the 21st. At the grave a scene of grief took place that brought tears to the eyes of even the undertaker. As the body was being lowered into the grave a lady was seen hurrying exhausted to the spot. The little group around the coffin respectfully made way. In the new comer they recognized a sister of the deceased. With a cry of anguish she fell upon the coffin. The last sad offices were delayed, and finally it was found necessary to remove the grief-stricken sister by actual force.

By occupation the deceased was a delivery clerk in the employ of the Metropolitan Steamship Company. His age was thirty-four years, and he was married when quite young. His wife was a widow and several years older. Their marital relationship was always supposed by the neighbors to be of a happy character.

**A Negro's Diabolical Plot.**

(Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.)

GREENSBORO, Ala., October 15.—About two months ago Sheriff Knight of this, Hale county, in attempting to arrest Frank Martin, a notorious and dangerous negro desperado, met with a determined resistance, and was forced, not only in self-defence, but to execute the law, to shoot Martin, but the wound inflicted was not dangerous and the negro soon recovered, after being incarcerated in the county jail here. No sooner had Martin got well than he began to plot to secure his liberty, and all other schemes having failed he endeavored to induce several other prisoners to join him in a conspiracy to murder the jailor and fire the jail building, and thus effect escape. This conspiracy was all arranged and was to have been carried into execution yesterday, Monday, but one of Martin's co-conspirators became frightened at the enormity of the contemplated crime and confessed. Had the plot been carried out it would have been one of the most frightful horrors ever perpetrated in this section. Martin expressed regret at the failure of his scheme, and threatens to revenge himself on the negro who confessed.

At Nicholasville, Ky., on the night of the 21st, a street fight with pistols between a gang of Madison county roughs and some town negroes, headed by Alex. Spillman, a noted desperado, who has killed several men, was broken up by Policemen Hobbs and Brown, after some twenty shots were exchanged. No arrests were made, but it is thought some of the crowd were wounded by the police.

**ALMOST A MASSACRE.**

**Thrilling Scene at a Political Meeting  
in South Carolina—Whites and  
Blacks, in Deadly Antagonism, Saved  
from a Bloody Conflict by Three Im-  
trepid Men.**

A narrow escape from a race conflict and a massacre as serious as the one at Cain-hoy was threatened at a recent political gathering at Sumter, S. C. The Republicans had advertised a meeting and gathered a large crowd by announcing that distinguished speakers would be present. The correspondent says that they also secured arms and stored them in a church. The Democrats learning of their preparations, sent out word and collected a large crowd, and then, when the time for the meeting arrived, sent a written proposition to the Republicans for a joint discussion. After consultation, the Republicans announced that they would hold no meeting.

A correspondent writes: "Pushing on as rapidly as possible to the court house I learned that the row had been indeed begun by a negro's drawing his pistol on a white man, but that it had been promptly suppressed without blows. The street in the immediate front of the court house, and for some distance in either direction, was crowded with men, both white and blacks, in seemingly equal proportions. The portico in front of the court-room (up-stairs) and the high stone steps leading up to it from either side were literally packed with negroes from the throng that had massed on that side. Directly opposite the court house a file of men with fixed bayonets were stationed. At their extreme right another line, likewise armed, was extended across the street."

"At the left of the first mentioned company was a detachment of the artillery company standing by their guns, which had

JUST REACHED THE SPOT.

It is scarcely necessary to add that this excellent disposition of the only peace-makers available had been almost instantly effected under the direction of General Hagood at the first signs of conflict. Generals Hagood, Moise and Richardson and Major H. S. Thompson and other gentlemen who were mounted on their horses nearby and maintained a sharp oversight of the whole troubled scene, in order to arrest any fresh outbreak in its incipency. Seeing all faces turned in that direction I was led to scan the sable crowd on the court-house steps more closely, when I saw Coghlan, the ancient white radical, standing among his black and excited constituents, his single white face presenting a prominent mark in contrast with theirs. He was evidently speaking much to his own satisfaction and that of his constituents around him, and as evidently to the great displeasure of the white men in the street below him, to whom or at whom his intermittent remarks in the way of biting leers and taunts were occasionally flung. In the midst of his folly a negro was arrested by the police, several of whom, both white and colored, endeavored to withdraw their struggling prisoner from the crowd by way of a side street, directly in front of the court-house. They were already within arm's length of the line of military, when a burly black fool dashed out of the dark crowd on the opposite side of the street and across the narrow open space which had been formed between the two parties, and, rushing upon the policemen, attempted to rescue the captive. It was all over with him in a minute. I scarcely know how it happened, but in the twinkling of an eye he was seized by strong, frenzied hands, jerked backward, passed from man to man to the spot where he had entered the surging mass and shot out into the street with a blow on the head that felled him like an ox and stretched him, face downward, senseless and bleeding, on the edge of the pavement, where he lay motionless for nearly a minute.

BETWEEN THE OPPOSING PARTIES.

But for his timely fall he would undoubtedly have been riddled with balls before he could have crossed the pavement, and his death would as certainly have been the signal for a general discharge from the firearms everywhere to be seen.

"Coghlan, who from his elevated position had witnessed all that had just transpired, seemed to have lost the point of the lesson there broadly displayed, and, with a return of comparative quiet, resumed his self-imposed and dangerous task of twitting the whites with having been afraid to go near the negro meeting, and of aggravating them by every word his ingenuity could suggest. He was repeatedly requested and ordered to desist, but persevered without regard to consequences, which every one but himself readily anticipated. Launching out into an untimely anecdote about a dog, he unluckily applied the epithet to Governor Hampton, and the long-repressed storm burst upon his foolish and seemingly fated head. His voice was at once drowned in cries of 'Drag him down!' 'Throw him over the railing!' 'Kill him!' 'Kill the scoundrel!' and many others of like purport, which arose in the midst of most indescribable uproar and confusion. Two or three young men rushed across the street and commenced to climb the stairs as rapidly as the

crowd of negroes there would permit. A few moments sufficed to bring them almost within reach of him, when, seeing their near approach and realizing at last the danger into which he had thrust himself, Coghlan ran his hand quickly into his bosom and drew and cocked his pistol.

"This was regarded by both sides as the signal for a general fight. In less time than it has taken to read this line full five hundred rifles and pistols were directed upward and at him, or at the crowd of negroes in his vicinity; a bag of ten-penny nails was rammed hastily into the cannon, which was quickly turned and primed, and in another breath

THE LONG-EXPECTED FIGHT WOULD HAVE BEGUN.

But one moment was allowed for reflection, if reflection were possible at such a time; each man waited for some other to fire first. The snapping of a cap would have been followed by death-dealing volleys interchanged at less than point-blank range. There was a dead pause and silence for a moment, and in that moment General Hagood had leaped from his horse and dashed in front of all the levelled guns. Taking no thought for himself, he called to the men who were pressing toward Coghlan to halt, but these, intent upon their adversary, did not hear or heed him, and General Hagood, unable to reach them, pulled off his heavy hat and threw it with all his force over the heads of the crowded negroes, fortunately striking the foremost one and arresting his attention. At the same time that this occurred Captain Thompson, seeing Hagood's danger, hazarded his own life by rushing in front of the excited whites, knocking up their guns and begging them to desist, while General Moise exposed himself to like danger in his efforts to save both Thompson and Hagood, who, with a few other white men, were in the range of the fire on both sides. The captain of one of the companies, as I am informed, also aided in the good work by drawing his own pistol and threatening to shoot the first man who fired.

"The negroes on the outskirts of the crowd, seeing that their leader had raised a hurricane of wrath which was likely to envelop them in destruction, fled in every direction, while those about the court-house stood their ground perforce for want of any avenue of escape. Let it be understood that they had arms and displayed them, but they saw that no surprise was possible on this occasion, and that if any killing was to be done they would get their full share. Throughout the whole passionate hour one object was to be seen prominently displayed over the whites, and this object, which was a banner borne by a Democratic, red-shirted negro, bore upon it a significant legend which was the key to the situation. That legend was, 'Remember Cain-hoy!'

**Horrors of the Pestilence.**

(Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.)

SUMMIT, Miss., October 15.—To appreciate the extent of the alarm created by the great pestilence now holding high carnival in the South, some idea may be obtained from the fact of the killing of several negroes in the adjoining counties to this, (Pike), for violation of the quarantine laws. The poor creatures, not unlike their white neighbors, are panic-stricken and fly from impending doom, in hopes of escaping the ravages of the plague. The country, to which they look for escape from it is, however, guarded by armed and mounted police. A few days since a negro presented himself at a point in Lawrence county, this state, and upon being ordered back, attempted to force his way through the lines, exhibiting a large horse-pistol, whereupon the officer fired upon him, killing him before he had time to execute his threat. He had declared he would pass or perish in the attempt.

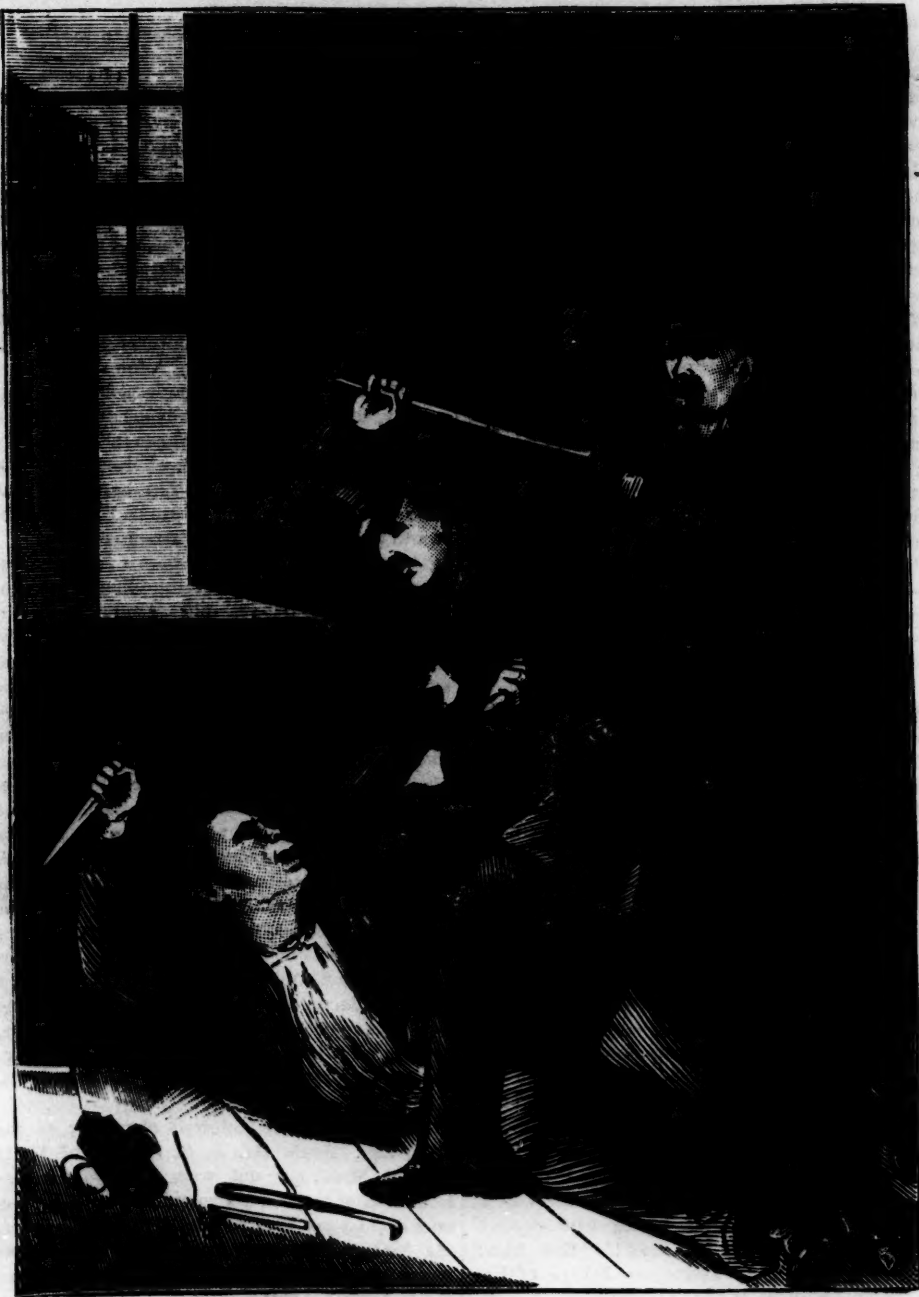
The most shocking of all these horrors, however, was the terrible and inhuman treatment received by the ten-year-old grand son of Mr. Lidge, a hotel-keeper at Milan, Tenn. The little fellow fled on the appearance of the fever at Grand Junction, to his grandfather's, who being informed that the boy would not be allowed to remain in town, secured an isolated cabin, some miles distant and placed him in it in charge of a negro woman, but night brought a set of demons in human form who fired into his retreat, compelling him to take to the woods which surrounded the dwelling. Shot after shot was fired at the little fugitive as he ran, seeking safety behind the trees. Here he remained all night, wild with terror, expecting each moment to be his last. The laws of quarantine are inflexible, resembling the laws of a mad populace. In our immediate vicinity no deaths have occurred from a violation of them, but the whip is frequently and vigorously applied, as a foretaste of what may befall the violator in case of persistence.

Another case of a different character is the following: While Mr. R. C. Perkins, of Holly Springs, Miss., lay sick with the fever, an inhuman thief entered his room, and in his presence sacked his apartment. But Sam Thomas, the thief, was captured soon after, and in jail was struck down by the malady. Mr. Perkins, in the meantime, having recovered, visited him in his cell, and ministered to his wants until death relieved him of the life he had so shamefully sullied.

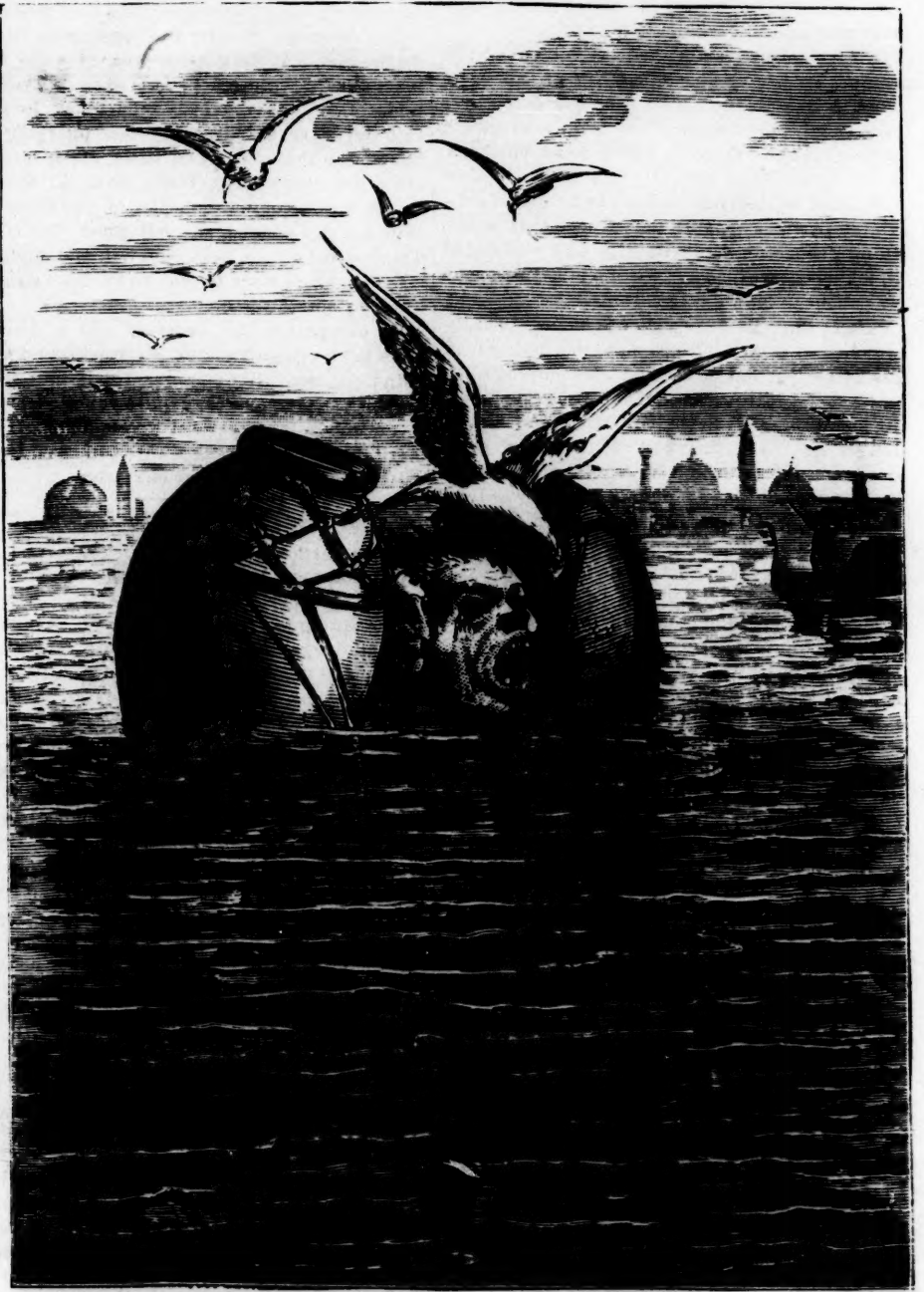




FATAL FANATICISM OF A CHRISTIANIZED CHINAMAN—CHIN SU YING DESecRATES THE IDOL IN A JOSS HOUSE, IN PORTLAND, OREGON, AND IS OUT TO PIECES BY HIS INFURIATED COUNTRYMEN.—See Page 4.



FIERCE FIGHT OF OFFICERS HUBERT AND BROWN WITH A BURGLAR, IN A STORE IN TOLEDO, OHIO.—See Page 4.

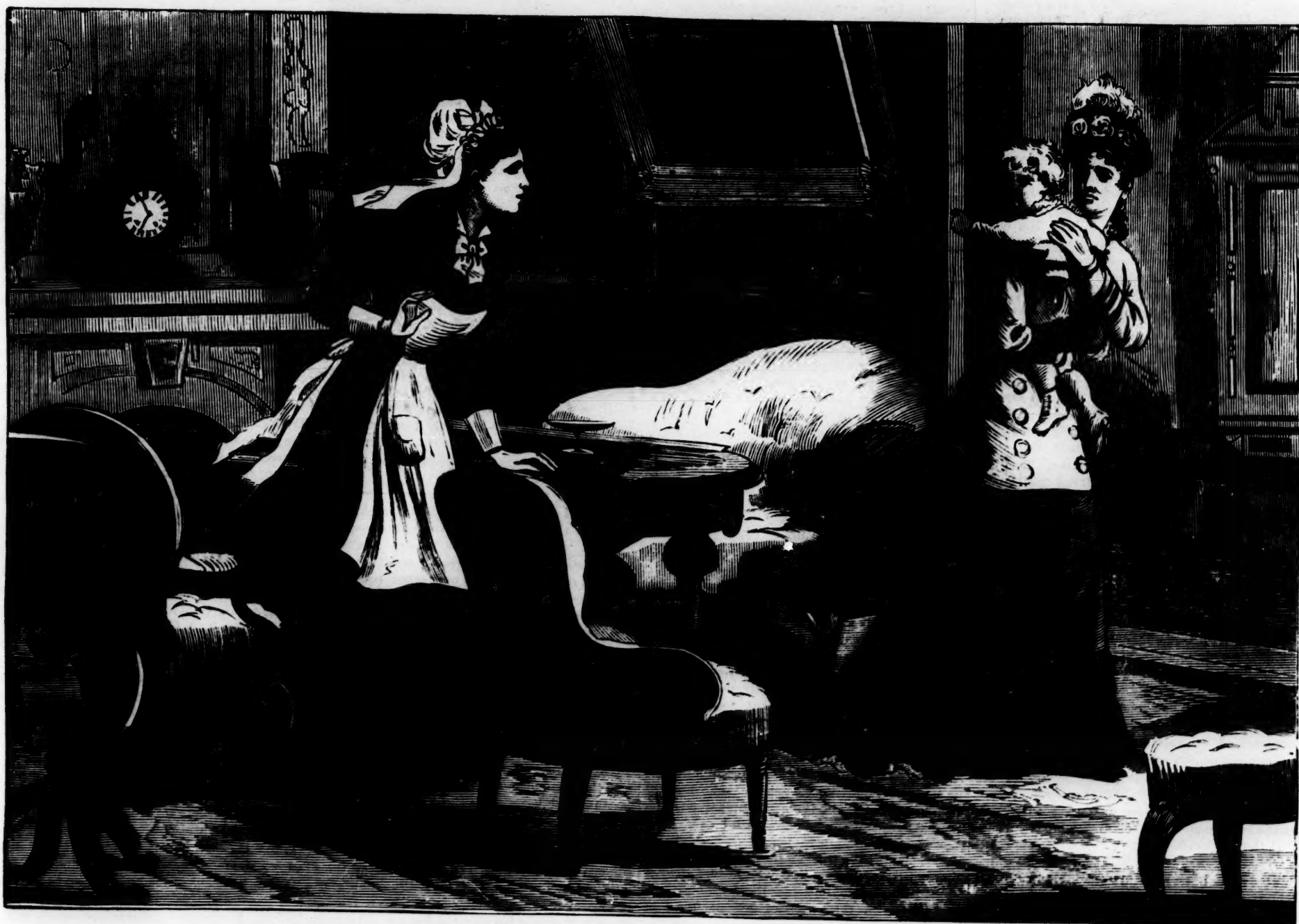


FRIGHTFUL VENGEANCE OF A VENETIAN FARMER UPON THE MISCREANT TEDALDO, WHO HAD OUTRAGED AND MURDERED HIS WIFE.—See Page 6





THE NEW UTRECHT MYSTERY—THRILLING SCENE AT THE GRAVE OF THE SUICIDE, WILLIAM B. COOPER, SELF-ACCUSED OF COMPLICITY IN THE MURDER OF HIS WIFE, NEW UTRECHT, LONG ISLAND.—SEE PAGE 7.



LILLIE OSBORNE, AN ACTRESS, AND THE DIVORCED WIFE OF MR. BLACKSTONE, OF NORWICH, CONN., VISITS THE HOME OF HER FORMER HUSBAND, IN HIS ABSENCE, AND FORCIBLY CARRIES AWAY HER CHILD.—SEE PAGE 6.



## EPIDEMIC EVIL.

More Widespread and Dangerous  
than the Scourge of the South it  
Infects the Whole Country.

## SOME FRESH CASES

Of the Disease, Exhibited in its Homi-  
cidal Symptoms, as Reported  
from Various Sections.

## TO BE DOCTORED BY JACK KETCH.

### INDICTED FOR MURDER.

WHEELING, W. Va., October 22.—Henry Schmulbach, a prominent liquor dealer of this city, was to-day indicted for the murder of Hamilton R. Forsyth on August 24, 1878. Schmulbach beat Forsyth to death with his feet.

### THIRTY YEARS FOR MURDER.

PLATTSBURG, Mo., October 19.—The trial of Eldridge G. Robinson, for the killing of his brother, Thos. J. Robinson, has come to an end by the jury in the case bringing in a verdict of guilty of murder in the second degree, and assessing his punishment at thirty years in the penitentiary.

### A MURDEROUS TEE-TOTALER.

HOUSTON, TEXAS, October 17.—Another shocking murder has just occurred near Marefield, seventeen miles east of Fort Worth. Three young men, West, Gordon and Board, belonged to a temperance society at Lebanon. Board had reported West and Gordon for drunkenness, but they were acquitted, and preferred similar charges against Board, who was dismissed from his lodge. This enraged him and going to a field where West and Gordon were at work, he demanded a retraction, which was refused. Board said, "I will kill you both unless you recant the charge." West replied, "I don't swallow that kind of food." "Then I'll make you swallow it," said Board, at the same time drawing a six-shooter. He emptied three chambers into West, who fell in his tracks. Wheeling his horse, the murderer fired at Gordon, putting a ball through his stomach. Gordon and West both died.

### ONWARDLY ASSASSINATION.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., October 19.—This afternoon at two o'clock, a cold-blooded and onwardly murder was committed in Wyandotte county, just across the river from this point, by an old man named Teddy O'Hare. For some time a near neighbor of the murderer, Charles Young, has been cutting wood from his land and had been ordered from the premises. This afternoon Young, with two companions, started for some wood, and was met by old man O'Hare, who carried a shot-gun. He told them to leave at once, and then, before they ever had a chance to run, leveled his gun and fired directly at Young. The young man was hit square in the face with a buckshot, and was instantly killed. His companions ran to Wyandotte, gave the alarm, and in a half an hour twenty men were after the murderer, who took to the woods. At a late hour he had not been captured. The murdered man was only nineteen years old, and was unmarried.

### RACE'S MURDERER IDENTIFIED.

The coroner's jury in the case of Officer Albert Race, killed on the night of the 4th inst., was concluded on Saturday, October 19th, in Chicago, Ill., and quite a sensation was created by a negro woman named Chapman, who fully identified Johnny Lamb as the man who fired the shot. She was standing near by at the time. The jury brought in a verdict which declared that Police Officer Albert Race came to his death on the night of October 4, 1878, from a pistol-shot wound from a revolver in the hands of John Lamb, and they believed that James Driscoll, James Griffin, alias Orr, George Freeman, alias "Sheeney," John Melvin, William Leynett, William Lane and Philo Durphy were accessories to the crime; and they asked the coroner to hold each and all of said parties, without bail, to await the action of the grand jury. The jury, in addition, desired to express its opinion that Lesser Friedberg is possessor of a guilty knowledge of the whole affair.

### LIFE'S CHEAPNESS IN VIRGINIA.

DANVILLE, Va., October 17.—Mr. Green Witt, a prominent citizen of Patrick county, shot and almost instantly killed John W. Rosser, of the same county, to-day. The tragedy occurred seven or eight miles from Patrick Court House, at the residence of Elijah Harrell. It appears that the two gentlemen got into a dispute about a trivial business matter, in the course of which Witt dared Rosser to approach him. Rosser, who was sitting on the porch with his wife and two other ladies, replied that he did not intend to have any difficulty in the yard, but added that he was not afraid of Witt or his pistol either, and stepped out of the porch towards Witt, who instantly fired at him with a pistol. Rosser turned

and started to run and was pursued by Witt, who continued to fire at him with his pistol. Rosser, after running some thirty steps, fell and died in a few seconds. When examined it was found that two of the shots had taken effect, one in the left breast immediately over the heart, and the other at the point of the ribs on the right side. The murderer made his escape. It is supposed he had gone into Kentucky, where his wife's relations live, and where it is alleged he had murdered two men several years ago.

### MURDERED FOR A HORSE COLLAR.

SPRINGFIELD, Ohio October 22.—Intelligence is received here of a fatal difficulty between two men, Peter Brass and Adam Drummond, at Port Fulton, near Jeffersonville, Ind. Brass and Drummond had quarreled about a horse collar, professedly belonging to Drummond. Brass and Drummond had formerly worked a small farm on shores, each one owning a horse. Recently Drummond left the farm and went to work at a shipyard near Jeffersonville. Brass came and took Drummond's horse collar and refused to give it up unless Drummond paid a bill which Brass claimed. Drummond denied the bill, hence the quarrel. Last night Brass was passing Drummond's house. It is alleged that Drummond threw off his coat and attacked Brass with a big knife, cutting a terrible gash in his arm. Then Brass drew a revolver and shot three times when Drummond fell. Brass deliberately aimed at Drummond's head after the fall and fired a fourth time. This was done in the presence of the wives of both men and several neighbors. Drummond's wife ran to him and saw him breathe his last before his murderer was out of sight. Brass was arrested and imprisoned in Jeffersonville. He is an old offender. He is forty years of age and without children. He has long been known as a dangerous character. Drummond was a quiet, industrious man.

### IGNOMINIOUS END OF AN ELOPEMENT.

(Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.)

CLANTON, Ala., October 15.—One of the most spicy sensations that has ever formed the subject of public gossip in Clanton county, has just come to light, and the details have been given in full to your correspondent.

Not far from this place there has resided for quite a number of years, Mr. Newton Bowles, a farmer of about thirty years of age, and a citizen who has enjoyed the confidence and respect of the community in which he lives. About ten years ago Mr. Bowles married a most estimable young lady, with whom he has lived ever since, and the neighbors have believed that a more loving and devoted couple did not reside in the county. Three pretty children are the fruits of this marriage, and the father has always appeared to be very fond of them. In fact, his devotion to his wife and children has been often remarked by the friends and neighbors, all of whom believed that a happier family could not be found anywhere.

Not far from Mr. Bowles' there lives the family of Mr. Joseph Glass, a well-to-do citizen, and between these two families the

### STRONGEST TIE OF FRIENDSHIP.

have existed. One of the family of Mr. Glass is Miss Mattie, his youngest daughter, aged fourteen. It had been noticed for several weeks that Mr. Bowles was quite attentive to Miss Mattie, a fact which no one of either family supposed to be inspired by anything more than politeness towards the daughter of his friend. On Friday last, however, it became known that Bowles and Miss Glass were missing, and then the truth flashed upon the community that his recent attentions to the young lady were something beyond the ordinary courtesy of a gentleman towards a lady. As soon as the fact became public a number of friends of the Glass family started in pursuit of the eloping pair, some going in one direction and some another. At Calera Station, on the South and North Alabama Railroad, the couple were found making their way northward and were promptly arrested. Bowles' hands were securely tied behind his back, and he was forced to

### MARCH IN FRONT OF HIS CAPTORS

All the way from Calera to the home of the young lady, Miss Glass was seated in a buggy with one of her captors, and had the pleasure of seeing Bowles walk all the way home manacled as he was. Upon reaching the neighborhood where the young lady resided, a few of the more reckless of the young men wanted to tar and feather Bowles, and would have certainly done so had not the young lady affirmed that they had not done anything wrong during their absence of three days. An indictment will be found against Bowles by the grand jury, soon to meet, for kidnapping, as the girl is so young, and unless public sentiment undergoes a great change he will spend some time in the state prison at Wetumpka.

Mrs. Mary Stagg died on the 24th, in the Essex county jail, at Newark, N. J. No sadder story of blasted life and degradation than hers can be found, even in the pages of fiction. Born in wealth and luxury, happily married, she becomes addicted to drink, her husband obtains a divorce, and then the unhappy woman rapidly sinks to the lowest depths of degradation.

## A SAN FRANCISCO SENSATION.

Story of the Suicide of "Sandy" Austin and What Led To It—A Defaulting Official's Remorse and a Pretty Actress' European Tour.

(With Portraits.)

(Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., October 11.—Twenty-eight years ago Alexander Austin, in the flush of early manhood, forsaking a promising career which the favor of the great mercantile house of A. T. Stewart & Co. presented in New York, sailed away for the Golden West to seek fortune in the new Eldorado. He prospered, and for a quarter of a century was a prominent figure in San Francisco life. He was successful in business pursuits, popular socially, and was advanced to offices of honor and trust by his admiring and confiding fellow-citizens. Seven years he held the responsible position of tax collector, involving the care of enormous sums of money. In all this time there was no shadow upon his fair fame, no doubt of his integrity. Circumstances, however, at the close of his official career, threw temptation in his way too powerful for him to resist. Three years ago he retired from office, retaining in his hands a large amount of money which had been paid as taxes under protest, and was the subject of litigation. In an evil hour he became persuaded that it was his right and duty to retain this money individually, instead of depositing in the treasury. This fallacy cost him his honorable reputation and his life. Frequently during the interval that has elapsed have attempts been made to compel him to restore these funds.

An occasional conscientious supervisor of the city's interest (a *rara avis* in these parts) would raise a weak and piping voice to question why the individual Austin was a safer depository of \$300,000 than the city treasury. But such were ever

### SILENCED BY THE LEGAL DICTION

of the city and county attorney; the attitude of whose opinion is found in recent developments; who ever and anon decided and advised that Mr. Austin and no other was the proper custodian of the disputed money. A short time ago decision of the matter was reached in the Supreme Court, and vague rumors and doubts of Mr. Austin's ability to respond to the demand about to be made upon him began to circulate. His ready answer to inquiring friends, and even through a card in the daily papers, was that the money was all safe, and where he could put his hands upon it when legally required.

But as that important moment more nearly approached, Mr. Austin's nervous system became excited to an extraordinary degree, and one day he was found insensible from the use of opiates. Then it was whispered over town that he had attempted suicide, and embarrassment in regard to the tax money was assigned as the moving cause. But this was indignantly denied by himself, his medical attendant and his intimates. It was an over-worked brain and the intense anxieties of the stock market that he had sought to relieve by customary sedatives. As to the trust funds, they were all right—never fear. But, alas! when a week later an unerring pistol ball

### CONSUMMATED THE SELF-DESTRUCTION

before attempted, one illusion at least was dispelled. He had indeed sought his own life. But the public money in his trust had naught to do with it. Oh, no! that was safely deposited somewhere and could easily be found. He had himself so declared but a day before. Business excitement and grief for the death of a beloved wife, six months before, had unsettled his reason and he knew not what he did. Thus said his adherents in all sincerity. And so he was followed to the grave by a large concourse of mourning friends, and buried with all honor, while the busy marts of trade were hushed in token of respect, and a distinguished divine spoke nothing but good of the dead.

But also, "poor humanity." All this was only thirty days ago, and now "the sky is changed, and what a change." It was the 12th of September that "Sandy" Austin, as he was familiarly and affectionately called, freed himself from the burdens of the world, and ever since persistent effort has been made to find the \$300,000 trust funds which he protested with his latest breath was "all right." And it is found—found scattered to the four winds. But in the search, what whited sepulchres were unroofed, disclosing "dead men's bones and all uncleanness." First came the fact that two high-toned, prominent business men formed a partnership with this ex-tax collector, using a large part of the identical, unmistakable,

### TRUST FUND AS FIRM CAPITAL.

And there are not wanting, evil-minded ones to say that such money was the grand inducement to the association. But Messrs. J. M. Walker and Jennings S. Cox are honorable gentlemen, and say under oath it was no concern of theirs whence Mr. Austin derived his share of their business capital, and consequently they shut their eyes to the word trustee that figured in the check that passed between the Bank of California and J. M. W. Walker & Co.

But the next development of this research was more astounding. It is alleged that the City

Auditor, the City Attorney and the District Attorney, whose duty to the public in the matter of the missing funds was plain, were each recipients of pecuniary favors from Mr. Austin while occupying these peculiar relations to him, to the extent of many thousand dollars. But Messrs. Maynard, Burnett and Murphy are honorable men—all honorable men—and testify that they didn't mean anything wrong—didn't ask Mr. Austin for any money; he offered to lend and they thought it very kind of him, and took it, but they will never do so again!

And now comes the inevitable "woman in the case." Ellie Wilton is a pretty actress, who was leading lady at the California Theatre last winter, but is now enjoying her *otium cum dig.* in Europe. Ellie is a model of a foreign correspondent. She must have been in the habit of writing at least one daily letter during her absence; for every day the mails between Paris and San Francisco had its separate and particular mis- sive addressed to Mr. Alexander Austin in her charming chirography. These accumulated letters, still unopened, have become the subject of a very pretty quarrel in the courts. All the machinery of the law is invoked; on the one hand by

### THE ALARMED ACTRESS

to recover her letters and prevent their publicity, and, on the other, by those interested in the missing money and Mr. Austin's estate. It is conjectured that these letters will make clear much that is now shrouded in mystery, and the curious public are on the *qui vive* not only for the important disclosures expected, but also for the more salacious revelation of a very naughty intrigue. Meantime, from other sources the story has been to a great extent anticipated.

It is said that her foreign tour is but one instance of his bounty; that through him she became possessed of one thousand shares of Bonanza stocks on which, until recently, she drew dividends; that \$40,000 in money can be traced to her from him; that he has assigned to her life insurance policies for \$10,000; and that she has jewelry of his late wife worth \$3,000, all of which, and more too, the said letters are expected to disclose. But they will remain silent until the law breaks their seals.

Enough is known, however, to make this a very sad, if common, story of weakness and wrong-doing, of trusts abuse; misplaced and profligate generosity; irretrievable ruin; despair, death and dishonor.

### Shocking and Tragical Occurrence.

(Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.)

RANDOLPH, Ala., October 14.—One of the most shocking tragedies that ever occurred in Central Alabama has just been perpetrated near this village. On Saturday Mr. Jacob Walker, one of the oldest and most highly respected citizens of this county, became involved in a controversy with a man named Dowd Oakley over some trivial matter, and the latter, being a very irritable and quarrelsome person, attempted to strike Walker with a heavy cane. A son of Walker, a young man just about grown, seeing that his father was in danger of being seriously injured, came to his assistance, intending to prevent Oakley from striking the old man, but Oakley warned the son if he attempted to come near him he would kill him. The old man managed to move between his son and Oakley at the very moment when the young man was in the act of shooting at Oakley, and the ball penetrated the jugular vein in the neck of the old man, killing him in a few moments. The greatest excitement was caused over the affair, and threats of lynching Oakley were freely made, but the counsels of the better class of citizens prevailed, and he was permitted to give bonds for his appearance at the approaching term of the Circuit Court. The young man is almost crazed over the sad termination of the difficulty, and is inconsolable. Mr. Walker was one of the best citizens of the county, and his untimely death has cast a gloom over the entire community.

### Justifiable Killing.

(Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.)

ROANOKE, Ala., October 12.—A horrible murder was committed in the eastern portion of this county on Tuesday last. About three o'clock on that morning Charles Gore called at the residence of Mr. R. B. Graham, and going up to the door of Graham's sleeping-room, began to keep all manner of abuse upon him. The latter being awakened from a sound sleep, was somewhat mystified as to what was going on, and when Gore angrily demanded him to open the door, Graham refused, not knowing who it was, or who could possibly have any business with him at that early hour in the morning. Gore then commenced battering upon the door, and soon succeeded in breaking it open. As Gore stepped into the room Graham fired a gun at him, loaded with a heavy charge of buckshot, the load penetrating Gore's stomach and breast, the effects of which he died in five minutes. Gore stepped back out of the house when he was shot, and was dead before Mr. Graham discovered who he was. No reason is known for Gore's strange conduct, and the public sentiment of the community is that Graham was justified in what he did.



## THE "MOONSHINERS."

History of the Outlaws of the Southern Mountain Districts, and How They Obtained

### THE ODD APPELLATION.

Wild and Adventurous Lives of the Illicit Whisky Men and Their Rows With the "Revenues."

### MAJOR REDMOND'S CAREER.

[With Illustrations and Portraits.]

For years the press of the country has teemed with accounts of the operations of the illicit whisky distillers, chiefly located in the remote and mountainous districts of Kentucky, Tennessee and the Carolinas, and of their frequent fierce encounters with the revenue officers, with whom they have maintained a stubborn warfare. Beyond a brief newspaper paragraph, barely recounting the seizure of property used by the so-called "moonshiners" in their illegal distilling, or the arrest of some of the offenders in a far-away corner of one of the states named, the public at large have not been enlightened as to these now famous outlaws and the romantic features of their wildly adventurous lives, as well as in regard to the origin of the term of "moonshiners," by which they have come to be universally designated.

We give below, from special correspondents of the GAZETTE, who are familiar with the localities of the scenes described, as well as thoroughly acquainted with the parties who figure therein, and with the subject generally, a full and accurate history of the matter, the first attempt in that direction that has yet appeared in a public print. In connection with the full-page illustration, elsewhere given, comprising authentic portraits of famous "moonshiners," vividly depicted scenes of actual occurrence in the wild lives of the outlaws, and accurate sketches of localities rendered notable by their operations, specially photographed for the GAZETTE, the account forms a complete

#### HISTORY OF THE "MOONSHINERS."

NELSON FURNACE, Ky., October 12.—Ever since the days of taxation on whisky in the United States, designing men in the rural districts of many of the states have engaged in studying means of defrauding the Government, but most prominent among the opponents of the whisky revenue stands the latter day "moonshiners."

The term "moonshining" originated in the early days of illicit distilling simply from the fact that these distilleries were operated during the dark hours of the twenty-four, and when the moon is the ruling luminary. Thus the term has become commonly used to designate the illicit distillers and their operations.

The records of the district courts of the various states of the Union, show that illicit distilling is carried on extensively, but in Kentucky there seems to be no limit to it. Arkansas, Missouri, Tennessee, Georgia and North Carolina are well represented in this line of illegal operations, but as old Kentucky had a national fame for making fine whisky, long before the days of taxation, many of her citizens seem to think that they have a special right to run a "whisky mill" without regard to Uncle Sam's orders. The number of arrests in Kentucky since the advent of the United States Marshal with his deputies, is nearly 12,000. Of this number, however, only a small proportion were identified as the owners of establishments, the others being taken as accessories. In a great many instances the courts have thrown aside judgment on account of the miserable condition of the prisoners and the circumstances surrounding their connection with the business of "moonshining."

#### HOW THE BUSINESS IS CONDUCTED.

In the mountain counties of Kentucky live a few partially educated men, who may have chanced to occupy petty official positions, and who consequently consider themselves under special license to do as they please. These men make a point of getting personally acquainted with every one within a radius of five miles from where they live, and out of this circle of acquaintance they select about four of the smartest and stillest-tongued of the lot whom they propose to employ in the work. This arranged, a locality is next sought, and generally a deep ravine, long gulch, or craggy hollow, where water is handy, is sought for and there the shed is erected and the business begins.

"Bear Hollow" Distillery is a renowned establishment, situated in Laine county, Kentucky, in a long, lonely, dismal hollow, between two peaks of Muldraugh's Hill. This "crookery" has been running very successfully for about three years, and is managed by the Johnson brothers and their clan. It was here that Captain John Wyatt and other Deputy United States Marshals had a terrible fight a short time since, during which Captain Wyatt was slightly wounded. The affair came about in the follow-

ing manner: Two weeks before the fight, Special Bailiff Henry Diven and an officer of Colonel Buckner's Internal Revenue Department, visited "Bear Hollow" and finding "nobody at home," concluded to burn the shed which contained about thirty new mash-tubs and a still or two. This accomplished, they returned to Louisville. The location of the distillery then being known, United States Marshal Crittenden resolved to wait a few days and send out

#### A MORE FORMIDABLE FORCE.

This was accordingly done, but when the marshal's force arrived this time they found the "boys" at home and full of "business." The "moonshiners," upon discovering that they were nearly surrounded, scampered for their guns, which they had loaded and convenient, and, under a running fire, they retreated to an old house, nearly a quarter of a mile distant, in which they sought refuge. The marshal pursued, and the "moonshiners" allowed them to come within easy range, when a volley of fully twenty shots was poured into the pursuers from the doors and windows and from a hole in the roof that had been cut for a stove pipe, constituting a perfect battery. The marshal's force, five in number, dismounted from their horses, and securing places along the roadside and the fence, kept up a vigorous fire for nearly an hour, when, finding they were outnumbered, a retreat was made. During the fight Captain Wyatt shot a man named Williamson, who subsequently died of his wounds. Wyatt, however, has recovered from his injuries, and is again on the war path.

"Bear Hollow" now ranks among the most famous of all the illicit distilleries in Kentucky, and its capacity is the most extensive of any other known to exist. The Johnson Brothers are a desperate set of fellows, with intelligence barely sufficient to run a "crookery," and shoot a rifle.

#### ANOTHER OF WYATT'S EXPLOITS.

In the month of May, 1877, your correspondent visited Livingston, Rockcastle county, Ky., which place is now, and was then, the terminus of the Knoxville branch of the Louisville and Nashville railway. I arrived late on Saturday afternoon, and spent a very pleasant night at the "Mountain House," never dreaming of any special event occurring on Sunday; but upon stepping out upon the balcony early in the morning, the first person I met was John Wyatt. The customary salutations passed and the question was asked of the marshal what he was doing. He replied that he had a very important raid to make that day, and that he was compelled to summon me to act as a special bailiff. All endeavors to get out of the job were in vain, for, in a few moments, after an early breakfast, a colored man came to the front of the house leading two horses. The weather was misty, and the atmosphere consequently very heavy, but, notwithstanding, the hardy officer called out, "Come on, Tom; we must go!" A short journey brought us to the little Rockcastle river, which stream we were compelled to ford on our horses which was soon accomplished at the expense of a complete wetting of our nether garments. After crossing this stream, we began the ascent of Wild Cat Mountain, which, by the way, is where the celebrated battle of "Mill Spring" was fought during the rebellion, in which General Zollicoffer, of the rebel army fell. It is situated in Laurel county. After a journey of several hours, Wyatt suddenly halted, and requested me to remain where I was, remarking that he would go to a house near by and get other men whom he had already summoned to assist him in

#### CAPTURING A BIG WHISKY MILL.

Then I was first apprised of what kind of work was before us, and as I could not see any house, and was left standing alone in a gloomy-looking wilderness, my feelings for a few moments were not over pleasant. After a short absence, however, my leader returned with five of the ugliest, roughest-looking human beings my eyes ever fell upon. Falling into line we then proceeded about three miles further, when all at once the command "halt" was given, and in the twinkling of an eye the officer dismounted. We all got off our horses also, and Wyatt advanced into the bushes about one hundred yards, when he called me to him, remarking, "Do you see that stump?" I answered in the affirmative, and, walking up to it, found a large white oak that had been sawed off, leaving the top a smooth surface, upon which was a large conk shell with a hole in the end, so arranged that one could blow it like a bugle. Wyatt raised this shell and blew three loud blasts. Then he took a twenty-five cent piece from one pocket and a flask from another and laid them down upon the stump. We then fell back behind a big tree in such a position that one could see and not be seen. In a short time a boy, apparently about fourteen years of age, came clambering up a steep, rocky pathway, and, advancing to the stump in an accustomed sort of way, took the money and bottle and returned whence he came. After patiently waiting for nearly an hour the boy returned with the bottle full of whisky, which he laid upon the stump, ready for the party who blew the conk shell to take. He then turned to go back, but before he had taken two steps Captain Wyatt leveled "Old Trusty," his

favorite pistol, at the boy and commanded him to halt. The boy did so, and Wyatt, turning to his men, said: "Come along, boys;

#### WE WILL SEE THE 'MILL'

in all its glory." So down we went through a rocky hill which very much reminded me of the narrow way in the Mammoth Cave, known as "Fat Man's Misery." After going over this rough and dismal road for nearly a quarter of a mile an abrupt turn was made, and there we were, right in the door of a big "moonshinery." Seven men were seized and secured, and in less than ten minutes the entire place was on fire and two large, fine copper stills were cut to pieces. We reserved two gallons of good, pure "moonshine" for the use of the party on the way back to Livingston, and in forty minutes after we arrived at the distillery we were on our road up the long, narrow, tiresome hill.

Our prisoners were ordered to walk ahead, when we had fairly gotten under way, and after a rough, but more pleasant journey returning than going, we arrived at Livingston about eight o'clock at night. Instead of swimming our horses across little Rockcastle river, as before, we sat in the skiff and let the animals swim alone. The reader can readily see how adroit these moonshiners are by this description of their way of disposing of their wares. Fearing the grand juries of their respective counties, they do not propose to see or be seen by any one and the above described manner of getting rid of the "crooked spirits" is only one of their many devices. Wyatt tells of a case where the owner of a "crookery" had an "owl and oon," and, in order to draw customers to his place, advertised a "menagerie." When a fellow felt dry, all that was necessary was to give up ten cents, walk back, take a look at the bird and "varmint," and upon informing the proprietor that he had a good show, the visitor was "treated" before passing out. Thus the owner merely gave away the "truck," and the show never failed to draw people.

The latest raid made by Captain William M. Adair, one of the most daring Deputy Marshals the Government has in its employ, was upon Wednesday, September 25th, from Louisville. This officer, accompanied by Henry Diven, a special bailiff, started on the south-bound lightning express train over the main stem of the Louisville and Nashville Railway, to pay his respects to the illicit distillers in Metcalf, Edmonson, Allen, and other counties. Upon arriving at Bowling Green, they were reinforced by a squad of six men. With this party of eight Captain Adair took the lead, and the first day's travel resulted in the capture of Columbus Watson, Bishop Emberton, William Hope and John Ennis, with whom the officers were encumbered during the remainder of their trip. Three "crooked" stills were captured and destroyed, and other important work was executed. On Friday, September 27th, however, the attempt was made to capture the house of the Summers brothers, a noted gang of

#### WILD AND DESPERATE MEN.

who had numerous hangers-on upon whom they depended for help in time of an attack by "revenues." By some unknown means the Summers brothers received an inkling of the approach of the officers, and by sending out messengers through the neighborhood, they succeeded in concentrating a large force. When, therefore, the United States officers arrived the would-be murderers lay hidden behind "mash," tubs and other defenses until they thought the officers were close enough, and then an indiscriminate firing began. The officers returned the fire, though gradually falling back, as they discovered that they were outnumbered, and the affray finally turned into a running skirmish, which only ended after some three or four hundred shots were fired. The horse ridden by Special Bailiff Diven was slightly wounded on the officers' side, but the latter think that three of the "bronze devils" were probably fatally wounded. This affair occurred on "Puncheon Creek" Allen county, Ky. Captain Adair has had many such encounters as the above, but in most instances he comes out with all the glory on his side.

#### REDMOND, THE OUTLAW.

Another correspondent sends us the following interesting sketch of Major Redmond, the notorious "moonshiner" of the western Carolinas, and, undoubtedly, the shrewdest, as he is the most famous of the fraternity throughout the country:

CEASAR'S HEAD, N. C., October 14.—The tourist through the mountains of western North Carolina and South Carolina during the past summer could not have failed to have frequently heard of the celebrated outlaw, "Tom Redmond," or "Major Tom," as he is called by the mountaineers. Redmond, some two years ago, engaged in illicit distilling in the mountains with many others who seem to think they have a natural right to convert corn and rye into whisky in defiance of the United States Government. A raid was made upon them, and, in the altercation that ensued, Redmond's father was killed and his contraband property destroyed or captured. He then took to the mountains, and, for many months with a band of comrades, has defied the revenue officers and every power of

the Government to capture them or put a stop to their illicit manufacture of whisky. Not long since the Government offered amnesty and pardon to those men, on condition of their surrender. An exception was, however, made in the case of Redmond, who was declared an outlaw. It was the impossibility of effecting his capture and other difficulties in the path of the revenue officers that prompted Governor Hampton to propose to the United States Government that he would collect the revenue in that district and turn it over to the Federal authorities. This proposition, however, President Hayes declined.

In riding across from Cashier's Valley to Caesar's Head Mountain, recently, and when some five miles from the latter place, about five o'clock in the evening, your correspondent and a companion were surprised by the appearance of

#### A MAN SPLENDIDLY MOUNTED.

and having an armory of pistols on his person. He dashed into the road from a small path at right angles with our road. He advanced to our buggy, keeping his eye on me, with a navy revolver drawn. The driver stopped and said: "It's all right, Major; there hain't no 'revenues' in here." Still keeping his pistol in his hand he told the driver to tell the hotel keeper at Caesar's Head to let the revenue officers know that he was on the war-path. He rode by our side for nearly a mile, giving me a fair view of his face and figure. Redmond is a handsome man, about forty years of age, with fine features, jet black eyes, well-trimmed whiskers and long, curling mustache. As he was mounted I should judge him to be about six feet in height and of about 160 pounds weight. His fine, new form was clad in a hunting coat made of buckskin and trimmed with yellow fringe, with top-boots, covering a small foot and a shapely leg. In each boot leg there was a revolver, one was in his belt and the hostlers to his saddle were supplied also, I take it. A large, Texas black hat, with a long white plume gave him a very dashing appearance. It is said he swears eternal vengeance on the revenue officers, and rumor has it that he has killed not less than sixteen men who have tried to capture him. The mountaineers are all friends of "Major Tom" and by means of

#### SIGNALS ON THE MOUNTAIN TOPS

by day and night, beacon fires, horns, and in other ways, keep him posted when there is danger. Major Redmond is said to have been a most intrepid soldier during the war and ranked among the best of Hampton's cavalry officers.

Apocryphal of Redmond's recent marriage, which was several times postponed on account of the close attentions of the "revenues," another correspondent writes as follows:

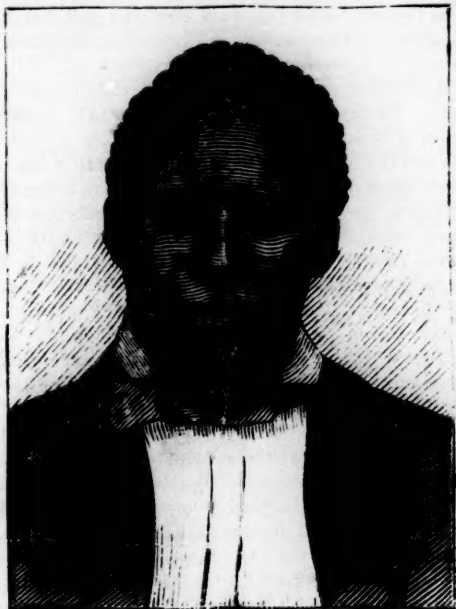
The desperate "moonshiner" of South Carolina, Redmond, whom the United States marshals are "hunting down," was married at midnight in Pickens county, to the sister of Amos Ladd, one of his comrades, who was killed last winter by the marshals. Guards were placed around the house in the mountains during the wedding, and it is needless to say there were "no cards."

The bride who has thus united her fortunes with the uncertain ones of the bold mountain "moonshiner," is a beautiful young lady, who belongs to one of the best families in that locality.

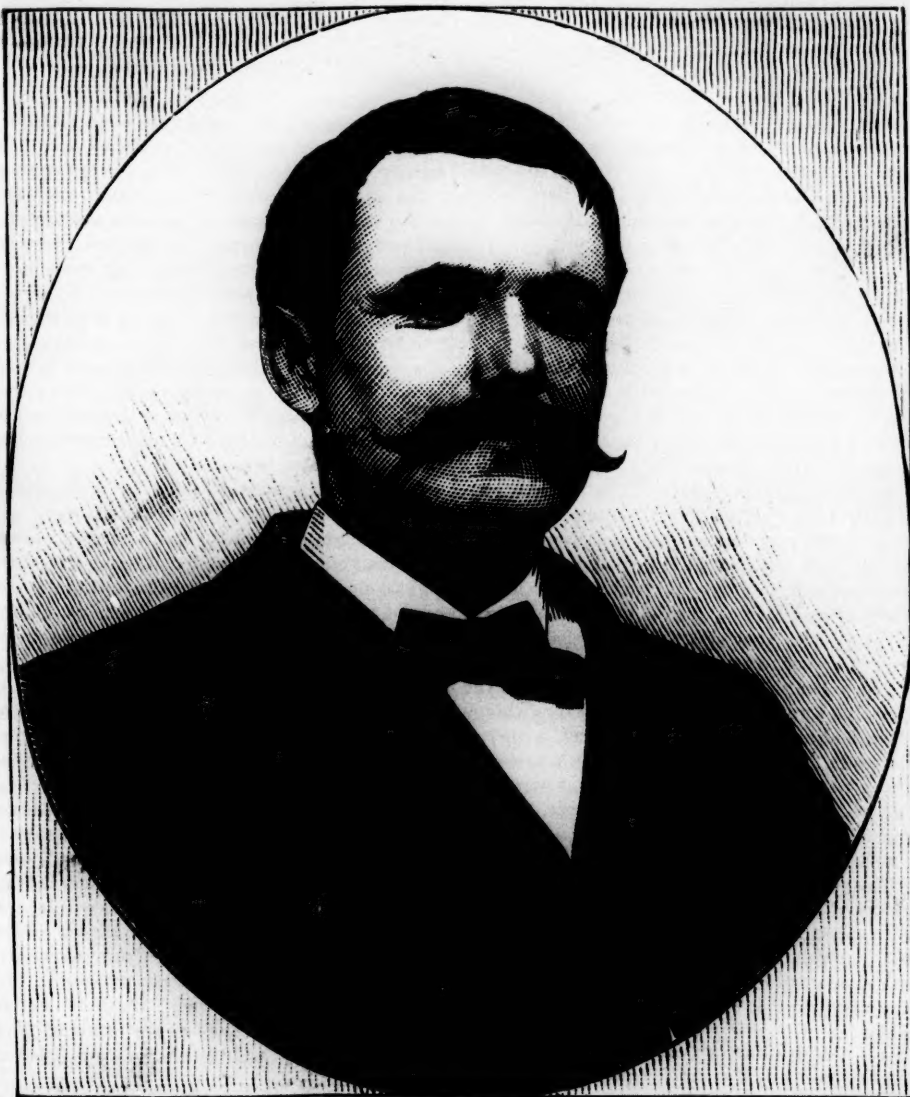
Amos Ladd, referred to above, whose sister Redmond married and whose death at the hands of revenue officers caused an excitement throughout that section, which has not yet died away, was a young man only twenty years of age, and was reputed a companion and assistant of Redmond. This, however, was denied by his friends. On the night of the 9th of January last, Amos Ladd, who was living with his widowed mother, in the mountainous district of Pickens county, S. C., was standing in the door of his residence when four revenue officers who had crept up unperceived, deliberately shot him dead on the spot, without a moment's warning or an intimation of their designs. The young man fell out of the door, lifeless, when the officials said to his brother, "Who have we shot?" The reply was, "You have shot my brother." The officers then turned and left the house, but concealed themselves on a small hill near the house, in the brush, remaining there for some time, though for what purpose is unknown. Since then it has been stated that they supposed young Ladd to be Redmond, and that after the shooting they remained in expectation, from information they had received, that he would be at the house. In this, however, they were disappointed. The shooting was universally regarded as a piece of cold blooded cruelty and aroused great indignation in that section, and, in fact, throughout the South, and largely increased the hostility felt by the "moonshiners" and their friends towards the "revenues."

A special dispatch from Auburn, Ind., says that George A. Hazard compromised with the National Bank by paying \$17,000 to the creditors, and the bank reopened on the 24th. Hazard was thereupon released, but was arrested for the third time by S. U. Larney, for obtaining money under false pretenses. He escaped subsequently. It is generally believed that he has all the stolen funds in his possession, and public indignation is at a dangerous pitch.

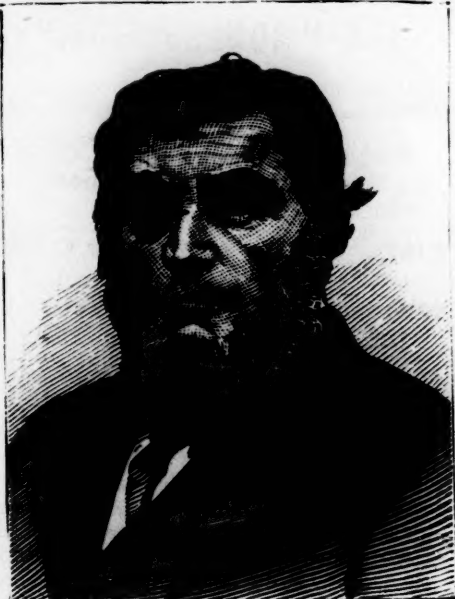




DANIEL HARRIS, SR., MURDERER OF SHERIFF C. O. THOMAS, MOUNT VERNON, IND.—SEE PAGE 2.



DEPUTY SHERIFF C. O. THOMAS, MURDERED IN THE DISCHARGE OF HIS DUTY, BY THE NEGRO, DANIEL HARRIS, AT MOUNT VERNON, IND.—SEE PAGE 2.



JACOB VILLINGER, THE FIENDISH WIFE-MURDERER, CHICAGO, ILL.—SEE PAGE 2.



DANIEL HARRIS, JR., CONCERNED IN THE OUTRAGE AT MOUNT VERNON, IND.—SEE PAGE 2.

#### A Theatrical "Scene."

SPRINGFIELD, O., October 22.—To-night at the performance of "Little Em'ly," by the Charles Dickens Combination, George Fawcett Rowe sustaining the character of Wilkins Micawber, a

mild tragedy was enacted behind the scenes. Rowe's wife, "Miss Kate Girard," had sustained the roles of Em'ly and Martha. Miss Estella Clayton, who had played the role of Agnes Wickfield, was discharged from the troupe a few days ago because of Miss Kate Girard's jealousy. Miss Clayton is a very pretty woman both on and off the stage; also a clever actress. To-night Miss Clayton, accompanied by a Springfield gallant, took a prominent position in the audience. This so enraged and disturbed Miss Girard that she refused to play while Miss Clayton was before her. While the manager of the troupe was interceding with Miss Clayton to leave the audience, Miss Girard quietly returned to her hotel. Rowe sent a message begging her "for God's sake, his sake, the troupe's sake to return and play her role," but she would not. After several long

pauses and after the curtain was twice lowered on unfinished scenes, the manager came forward and announced that Miss Girard had been seized with hemorrhage of the lungs; that her role would be left out and another version of the play given.

#### A Train Robber Killed.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., October 22.—Big Mike Bourke, leader of a gang of highwaymen, who robbed trains on the Council Bluffs, Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe roads last spring, was arrested last Saturday, as previously reported, and late last night Dan Dement was killed by a detective. Dement, who was wounded, escaped at the time, but was pursued by officers who came on him in a dug out on Thompson's Creek, and Light, the detective, called on him to surrender.

WILLIAM DAVIS, CHIEF OF THE GANG OF MAIL ROBBERIES IN WYOMING.—SEE PAGE 6.

He was fired at by the latter who sent a ball into the robber's side. The wounded man fought like a tiger and fired seven shots, when Light shot him through the brain, killing him instantly. This breaks up one of the most desperate gangs in the United States.



ALEXANDER ("SANDY") AUSTIN, EX-TAX COLLECTOR OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., ALLEGED DEFAULTER AND SUICIDE.—SEE PAGE 10.



MISS ELLIE WILTON, EX-LEADING LADY OF THE CALIFORNIA THEATRE, SAN FRANCISCO.—SEE PAGE 10.



**Killed in Central Park.**

[Subject of Illustration.]

On Sunday afternoon, 20th inst., Patrick Butler, proprietor of the Elm Twine Mills at the foot of West Fifty-seventh street, while returning with his wife from a ride in Central Park, was thrown from his wagon and so severely injured that he died within a few minutes. Mr. Butler and his wife left their residence, 457 West Forty-seventh street, at 10 o'clock A. M., for a ride in the Park. At 1:30 o'clock P. M. they left the Park by the gate on the corner of Fifty-ninth street and Eighth avenue. At this point the right pole-strap broke and the off horse became unmanageable, and started ahead of the other animal.

The team ran for the sidewalk, and in trying to drag the wagon on the walk upset it. Both passengers were thrown from the wagon, Mr. Butler falling first, and striking with his head against the curb, received a fracture on the side of the head, several scalp wounds and severe internal injuries. His wife was likewise very severely injured, she having sustained a fracture of the skull.

The passers-by hastened to their assistance, and Officer Quinn, of the Twenty-second Precinct, who had before tried to stop the team, called for an ambulance, which brought the sufferers to Roosevelt Hospital, where Mr. Butler died two hours later. Mr. Butler's remains were taken to his residence. The horses ran against a lamp-post when they stopped.

Mr. Butler arrived from Kilkenny, Ireland, in 1850, and first worked for a street vender at a salary of fifty cents a week. He then found employment in Barnes' twine factory, and finally became Mr. Barnes' partner, which partnership was dissolved, when Mr. Butler started the Elm Mills. He leaves a fortune of over \$100,000 and a well established business, the office of which is at 90 White street. Four children have by this accident lost their parent.

**A Fight With Train Robbers.**

KANSAS CITY, Mo., October 19.—About noon today word was received at the headquarters of the Kansas Pacific Railroad in this city, that an organized band of train-robbers had been captured and killed while attempting to rob an express-car on train No. 2, bound west. The rumors were founded on the following facts:

Last Thursday night a detective gained information that an attempt would be made to rob the express-car of the Kansas Pacific on Saturday morning at Rock Spring, a small station, 204 miles west of this city. The information was obtained from one of the gang, who came into



LIEUT. M. C. CALLAHAN, COMMANDING WEST 19TH STREET STATION, CHICAGO.—SEE PAGE 2.

Brookfield and gave his "pards" away, claiming that they had "done him dirt." Acting on this information, the sheriffs of Rice, Hays and Saline counties organized a band of picked men, and started for the rendezvous of the robbers. It was known just where they were, and a descent was made about daylight, and a terrible fight took place. The robbers were armed with sharpshooters, and seemed to know of the attack.

Mike Bourke, known as "Big Mike," and the leader of the gang who robbed the Kansas City, St. Joe and Council Bluffs train at Winthrop, and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, at Kingsley, was captured. Dan Dement, another of the gang, was wounded and escaped into the brush, while the remaining three fled in the darkness.

A posse of men are now chasing them in a southern direction, and it is thought that a fight

will take place near Fort Dodge, as a telegram has been sent to that point for aid. A reward of \$5,000 has been offered for Bourke's capture, and he is now en route to Junction City on a special train, chained and guarded by four resolute men.

It had been known for two weeks that this robbery had been intended, and Superintendent Oakes had all of his train men heavily armed. The capture of the leader will break up one of the most powerful gangs of train-robbers in the country.

**A Showman's Horrible Death.**

[Subject of Illustration.]

WELDON, N. C., October 16.—A few days ago an Italian calling himself Felix Bernichi, came to this town with a big black bear, which he exhibited on the streets. The animal was trained, and afforded entertainment for men and boys. It danced, turned summersaults, stood on its head, and performed all of the usual tricks. As it was inclined to be ferocious at times, its master kept a heavy muzzle on it as a safeguard, and never on any occasion took this off, for it was made large, and in such a way as to afford ample provision for the animal to partake of its food with it on.

To-day Bernichi's receipts were greater than usual, and on the strength of this fact he betook himself to a saloon near by, where he got gloriously drunk. He then came forth again with Bruin, and told the crowd of bystanders that he would show them something they had never seen before. He unfastened the muzzle and took it off. No sooner had this been done than the pet bounced him and commenced to "chaw" on his throat. The crowd thought that this was only some part of the show, and looked on with increased interest. The poor man yelled; but as he was in the habit of yelling and making a great noise when he was exhibiting the bear, no attention was paid to that. Presently the blood rushed out, and Bernichi fell. Some one then rushed to his assistance, and found that he was dead.

The bear had taken a large piece of flesh out of his neck and devoured it, and in a few minutes the showman was dead. It then flashed across the minds of the lookers-on what had happened. The struggles of the man with the bloody monster were terrible. The bear was shot, and Bernichi was buried in the town cemetery.

At Atlanta, Ga., on the 19th, Jim Alford, who murdered Wm. Shuler, five weeks ago, was sentenced to be hanged in Atlanta on Dec. 14. Bud Smith, the murderer of Jim Skinner, was sentenced to imprisonment for life.



LAVEBNE'S EVIL EYE—THE STORY OF AN ADVENTURER'S MARRIAGE TO A YOUNG AND PRETTY GIRL AND ITS RESULTS—THRILLING DRAMATIC SCENE IN JEFFERSON MARKET POLICE COURT, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 3.



# THE FINGER OF FATE;

## OR, THE CURSE OF CRIME.

A Story of Love, Intrigue and Retribution.

BY BRACEBRIDGE, HEMYNG, ESQ.

("JACK HARKAWAY.")

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

### CHAPTER V.

(Continued.)

Mr. Menander went back to the counting house and Grace laid a letter before him.

"Here is an application," she exclaimed, "from Mr. Frank Coverdale for ten thousand feet of lumber. He says he is extensively engaged in building up-town. I cannot find his name on the books. Do you know him, father?"

"No," replied Menander, "I do not, my child. We never had a customer of that name."

"He says that he will probably call to-day and agree about terms."

"Well, if his references are satisfactory, he can have the lumber, half cash and a three months note."

He sat down and took up the morning paper. Grace's watchful eye remarked that he did not seem well; he was distant and pre-occupied.

"What's the matter, papa?" she asked, with a tender solicitude, which was touching in its simplicity. "Why, you are reading the paper upside down."

"Am I?" he answered. "My head aches. It's nothing. I will take a walk on the dock. We have a schooner unloading there and the air of the river may do me good."

He walked away quickly to avoid the girl's penetrating gaze and her questions, which were difficult to answer.

Scarcely had he gone than the bell rang and Silas opened the gate, seeing a young man of stylish dress and fashionable appearance, who had just alighted from a buggy.

He was tall and slim, with good features and decidedly handsome, but there was a look of haughty bearing and insolent superiority about him which the porter found very disagreeable.

"Hold my horse until I come back," exclaimed the stranger.

From the moment he spoke Silas entertained an unconquerable dislike to him, which deepened into a profound aversion, amounting to distrust.

"I'm not here for that purpose," he replied, "I mind the gate; that is all."

"And for you to hold my horse while I transact business with your master. Do you want me to lay the whip across your shoulders?"

"It is more than you dare do," answered Silas, with the old, dangerous gleam flashing into his eyes. "I'm an old man, but—"

"Oh, pshaw! I can't bandy words with a fellow like you. It is beneath my dignity," interrupted the young man. "I shall complain of your conduct, and, if I have any influence in the office, I will get you discharged."

At this threat Silas became alarmed. It would not do to be complained of on this, his first day in the lumber yard. To be dismissed would break his heart, for he was near his daughter Grace now and had the privilege of seeing her every day. For that he would put up with a great deal. Heaven only knew why he should be proud and obstinate. Fifteen years of prison life had tamed him considerably, and the mortification he had had to put up with had sometimes made him despair of his manhood.

"I'll hold your horse, sir," he said humbly. "It isn't my place, but as there is no one else here, I'll do it to oblige you."

The young man had been holding the reins, and at this intimation he threw them carelessly to Silas, with a short laugh.

"Found a civil tongue at last, have you?" he answered. "Well, it's a quarter in your pocket when I come out, and I will say nothing about you this time, old man."

He walked with a consequential strut into the yard, leaving Silas staring after him.

"Ah," said Silas to himself, as he shook his head, "that young fellow is no good. I've lived some time in the world, using my eyes and studying character, and I take no stock in him at all. More than that, I feel that he is going to bring bad luck to us. Something warns me against him. There is mischief afoot. I see danger lurking in the air. May I have wit enough to foil the evil-doer."

The stranger had placed his hat jauntily on one side of his head, carefully arranged the flowers in his button-hole, and, switching his boot with a light cane, walked to the office, carelessly looking at the approach as he did so.

"H'm," he muttered; "jauntier old but ugly; disagreeable kind of dog in a kennel; walls ten feet high; office a good walk from entrance gate; clerk, I hear, sleeps on the premises."

These mysterious remarks he cut short by his entrance to the office, where he had an opportunity of seeing the clerk of whom he spoke—Charles Lambert, mild-eyed, fair haired, innocent, caring only for two people in the world, his aged mother, who resided in the country, and to whom he sent the major part of his earnings, and the lovely daughter of his employer, Grace Menander, as the world knew and called her—was engaged in putting away some money in the safe which Grace was handing him.

Though Grace herself was unconscious of it, there was no mistaking the look of admiration with which Charles Lambert regarded her every movement.

"Ten packets of a thousand dollars each," exclaimed Grace. "Is that right, Charles?"

"Quite right, Miss Menander," replied Lambert, closing the safe and putting the key in his pocket.

They happened to glance up and beheld the intruder, who bowed politely.

"Have I the honor of addressing Miss Menander?" exclaimed the stranger in his most fascinating manner.

"That is my name," answered Grace.

"Permit me to give you my card. I believe you have already received a letter from me, announcing my visit and the object of it."

Grace looked at the card.

"Oh, yes. Mr. Frank Coverdale," she said. "Pray

come into the private room. My father is in the yard with the men, but I am accustomed to transact business for him and shall be glad to have some conversation with you."

Mr. Coverdale bowed again and followed her into the room, taking a chair opposite her at the table.

"You are engaged in building operations, sir?" she continued.

"Not yet. I am about to build. The fortune I inherited from my father is an ample one," he answered.

"In addition to money I have several lots above Fifty-ninth street on the east side of the Park, and, in anticipation of rapid transit, I am going to run up some houses."

"Very good. You wish to buy lumber?"

"I do; and, if your prices suit, I would as soon deal with you as any one else."

"We shall be glad to have you do so, sir. Tell me what you are likely to require and I will quote the lowest figures."

The conversation now became technical and strictly commercial in its character. Coverdale took down the prices and together they made an estimate. He then said he must have time for consideration and to compare her prices with others he had received from rival lumber yards.

Half an hour had elapsed, and the conversation dropped into the ordinary topics of the day.

When Mr. Coverdale left he was fully aware that he had made a favorable impression upon the young lady, who evidently considered him a charming and accomplished young man.

"Good day, Miss," he said on quitting the office. "I will have the pleasure of seeing you again to-morrow, if agreeable and convenient."

Grace intimated that she would be at his service at the time indicated.

In the clerk's office Coverdale stopped and said, "Have you a specimen of your six-inch deals?"

"No, sir," replied Lambert. "Here is a sample of last year's well-seasoned weather boards, but I'll go and get what you require."

"Thank you."

Taking his hat down from the peg on which it hung, Charles hastened across the yard in search of what was required.

Coverdale glanced at the doors of the office and the private room. They were both closed. He next went to the window and looked out. The yard was deserted; all the men were in the workshop.

He drew a deep breath, and, taking a piece of putty from his vest pocket, he sank on his knees before the safe and made a hasty impression of the lock with the flexible material he held in his hand.

"H'm," he muttered, looking about. "Patent double action; cellular wards. That will do."

Returning the putty to his pocket, he sat down on a chair, and when Charles Lambert came back appeared to be very much interested in a copy of a morning journal.

The clerk showed him the sample board, with which he expressed himself satisfied.

"Perhaps I had better go through the yard myself," he said. "The fact is, I have to be a little particular and exigent as my friends, the Parisians, say, as my transactions with your house are likely to be of magnitude and the edifices I am about to erect will be first-class mansions in every sense of the word."

"As you please, sir."

"Can you spare time to show me over?"

"Willingly."

Charles promptly led the way out of the office and Coverdale put himself by his side, chatting agreeably.

"You must spend rather a monotonous life here," he remarked.

"I am poor," replied Charles, "therefore I must work. I want to get on in the world, therefore I like my labor."

"Excellent; you cannot fail to rise in the world since you express such admirable sentiments and your task is easy, for you are chased on by the smile of a divinity."

Charles Lambert blushed ingeniously.

"Oh! you see, I have penetrated your secret. You love your master's daughter. Well! be good; be virtuous. Some day you may attain the object of your highest ambition, be made a partner in the firm and be the husband, loving and beloved, of a charming young lady, you know."

"Sir," exclaimed Charles, much annoyed.

"Don't be offended. I am a mind reader. I ought not to have spoken so plainly, but I am your friend, believe that. Come! let us talk of something else. I suppose you enjoy yourself in the evening?"

"No, sir," answered Charles, recovering himself.

"I sleep in the yard over the office and very seldom go out. My time is passed in reading to improve my mind."

"How simple; how delightful," said Coverdale. "You are a young man after my own heart. I am indeed lucky in making your acquaintance and I feel proud to know you."

Charles was much flattered, for, with the vanity of youth, he believed that Mr. Coverdale meant all that he said.

They were passing the dog kennel now, and the huge brute chained thereto, bore on his chain, growled and barked, bared his gums and otherwise showed his disapproval of the stranger.

"A fine animal. What do you call him?" remarked Coverdale.

"That is our watch dog, Hugo," replied Charles. "He is always loose in the yard at night."

"Indeed! A careful precaution."

Hugo continued to bark fiercely as if his canine instinct taught him to thoroughly hate and mistrust the stranger.

Pointing to a stock of timber, sawed up into planks, Charles communicated some facts concerning it.

"We will go and look at it," said Coverdale. "I should not be surprised if it was just what I am in search of."

When Charles turned his back on the dog, Coverdale took a bit of meat from his coat pocket.

On it, something resembling a white powder, appeared to have been sprinkled. It might have been only a little salt, but after all salt and strychnine are very much alike to look at.

He tossed this carelessly to Hugo, who, with the voracity of his race, made a snap at and swallowed it.

Mr. Coverdale satisfied himself that such was in reality the case and hastened after his companion.

"This wood, you will observe," said Charles, "is very close grained, and the price—"

"My dear fellow," interrupted Coverdale, "I beg you a thousand pardons, but—here he looked at his watch—it is nearly twelve o'clock. I had no idea the time had slipped away so quickly. At half-past I have an appointment in the gold room which I cannot afford to neglect. Will you excuse me?"

"Certainly. It was by your wish I came out of the office."

"I know it. Could you do me a favor."

"That depends."

"Just put down your prices on a slip of paper and send

them to my hotel or—stay—this will do better. Come and dine with me at eight o'clock this evening and we can talk the matter over. You will oblige me so much."

Charles was delighted at his invitation.

A dinner at a hotel! That would be so much nicer than the cup of tea and the tough steak he would have in the ordinary course of events at the little restaurant where he took his meals, just outside the yard gates.

"You are too kind," he replied.

"Not at all. It's quite too good of you to accept at such a short notice. Never mind evening dress, there will only be one other guest, a sporting man, whom I am sure you will like."

"What hotel did you say?"

"Oh, yes, to be sure. I forgot the house. Come to the Continental. As for me, dinner up stairs, private room and all that. Capital feed, and first-class wine. Don't forget; I promise you a good time. Eight, sharp. Ta-ta!"

Frank Coverdale shook his hand warmly and strode rapidly across the yard.

To Silas he threw a quarter, as he would throw a penny to a beggar, and springing into his wagon, drove off at a rapid pace.

Silas looked after him angrily.

He placed his foot on the piece of silver and ground it into the sand.

"May it blister my fingers if I touch it," he said. "If I were starving I'd have nothing to do with you or your money."

Charles went back to his work and Miss Menander met him in the office.

"I hope you showed Mr. Coverdale all the courtesy in your power?" she exclaimed.

"Oh, yes, Miss," he replied.

"We must do all we can to please him. His order will be a large one. Business has been so dull lately, that Mr. Menander will be delighted. He is quite an agreeable man as elegant as he is accomplished. I wish all the builders who come here were so nice."

Charles muttered something in reply, he scarcely knew what, and speedily became immersed in a row of figures, which he added up twice wrongly, until he said "Pshaw, it is something new for me not to be able to balance my books."

The fact was, that in spite of his predilection in favor of the new customer, Miss Menander's constituted praise did not please him.

Without knowing it he was jealous and the green monster tormented him all the rest of the day, so that he was quite pleased when he could raise his aching head from the ledger over which it was bent, and wish his master and his daughter good evening, as they departed for their up-town house.

"You recollect, Charles," exclaimed Mr. Menander, "what I told you about the note which will be presented for payment to-morrow?"

"Yes, sir," replied Charles. "I have the money under lock and key in the safe."

"Ten thousand dollars."

"Precisely. Miss Menander and I counted it this morning, the first thing. It will be ready on presentation of the note."

"Good," said the lumber merchant, adding, "Come, my dear. I am anxious to get home, for I am far from well to-day."

"Lean on me, papa," answered Grace, affectionately. They passed out of the gate together, Mr. Menander having his hand on the girl's shoulder and looking old and feeble, as if the shock of meeting with Silas had told upon his nerves, and filled him with an anxiety and foreboding as to the future, to which he had hitherto been a stranger.

Silas Foster opened the gate for them and gazed upon Grace with an intensity which made her cheeks burn.

He was feasting his eyes upon her, making up for lost time—for that seemingly interminable fifteen years, during which he had been buried in a dungeon, out of the world.

"Oh, papa, how that man stares at me," remarked Grace as they walked up the street.

"Does he, my dear," replied Mr. Menander, abstractedly.

"Yes, indeed. I wish you would speak to him. I am half afraid of him."

The lumber merchant laughed strangely at this.

"You need not be, my darling," he said. "He will never hurt you. I'll answer for that."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, a—, what did I say. Oh! all I mean is that he is a highly respectable old man; excellent character from his last place; was employed quite a number of years; eminently trustworthy. Couldn't have a better man."

Grace said nothing more. She was puzzled, for she had never heard her father talk so curiously before, but before they got home she had forgotten the incident, and was thinking dreamily of the well-curled mustach; the handsome dark eyes, and generally distinguished air of the winning, agreeable and aristocratic, Frank Coverdale.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### THE CONSPIRACY.

Mr. Frank Coverdale drove to some stables in the neighborhood of the Continental Hotel and put up his horse, after which he strolled leisurely to the hotel and going to the clerk at the desk inquired if Colonel Howard was in.

"Find him in the bar, sir, I guess," answered the clerk.

"He left word an hour ago that he would be there, if you asked for him."

Coverdale nodded, and lighting a cigar, made his way to a subterranean region in which the bar was situated.

Here he met a tall, thick-set individual, well dressed, but wearing flashy jewelry such as obtains in down-town sporting circles, he had a white bat with a black band around it, and his face which was round and good-natured, was somewhat bloated as if from excessive indulgence in spiritous liquors, while it was ornamented with a few of those pimples commonly known as frog blossoms.

"Back again," exclaimed the Colonel.

"Yes. I never let the grass grow under my feet," was the reply.

"What luck?"

"All I could desire."

"Good enough, my boy," said the Colonel, with an accent which denoted his nationality. "By gorra, put it there."

He held out his hand, but Coverdale refused to extend his. "Pshaw, he cried. You are always half drunk or childish lately. Come to my room. I want to talk to you."

"Oh, bedad," muttered the Colonel, "and its putting on the fine French airs he is, when the poor devil hasn't got a shilling in his pocket to bless himself with, any more than your humble servant, Dennis McCarthy—hem! Colonel Howard I mane, deuce take the name. It'll be a week of Sundays before I get used to it, so it will."

Grumbling like this, he followed Coverdale to the elevator which took them to the second floor, on which was the room occupied by Coverdale, who opened the door with his key.

"See how nately he opens the doore with his little key, just as if he was used to operatin' that way all his life," said the Colonel.

"Oh, give me a rest. If you can't talk sense, hold your tongue," replied Coverdale, impatiently.

"Hold me tongue, talk sense, is it. Sorra one of me knows what I've done to offend your royal highness."

Coverdale gave him a push into the room and shut the door after him. Then he put on the table a bottle of whiskey, water, ice and a box of cigars.

"Make your miserable life happy and listen to me," he said.

"I hear, an' it's all ears I am."

The Colonel made himself comfortable in his own peculiar fashion.

"Now," said Coverdale, "this is business. It's a week since Dick Gray put up this job for us. We have lost no time, Dennis McCarthy. Gray has engaged himself as a workman in the lumber yard and I have done all I undertook to do."

"Well, an' am I backing out from my share? Not the last in the world sorr. I'm right here while I'm wanted, but bad cess to yez, I'm not told what I'm to do."

"You will be told at once. The clerk who sleeps on the premises at Menander's, is coming to dine with you and me at eight o'clock this evening."

"Och, an' it's the iligant repast we'll be after havin'," cried the Colonel, whose eyes sparkled in anticipation of the feast which was one to which he was unaccustomed.

"Yes, every thing will be fixed right up to the handle," answered Coverdale. I have ascertained that there is ten thousand dollars in the safe. Here is an impression of the lock, take it to a blacksmith in Houston street this afternoon and have a key made to fit."

"It's myself that will do that, sure."

"I shall plead a pressing engagement at ten o'clock and you must keep the clerk, Charles Lambert, here, till at least one or two o'clock. Make him drunk, play cards, do anything you like, so that you keep him away from the office."

"I'll fix it somehow," replied the Colonel with a knowing wink.

"Dick Gray and I will get the money to-night. It is going to rain and blow hard, just the sort of night for our undertaking."

"That's so. Couldn't be better if you had ordered it from the clerk of the weather."

"There was a savage dog in the yard, called Hugo," continued Coverdale. "A little strychnine on a piece of meat settled him."

"Did yez pisen the ma'e for the poor bhaast?"

"I did. All we have to fear now is the porter and I guess he will keep in his lodge, if it only rains and blows as I hope it will."

"It's prayin' for a dayluge, I am, this mornin'. Och, won't we be sheppin' from New York, if we get the tin thousand dollars," said the Colonel, rubbing his hands delightedly.

Frank Coverdale shook his head.

"You and Dick Gray may go, if you chose, with your share of the plunder," he replied, "I shall remain here."

"But I thought, Captin darlint, that there was a little job out West we'd arranged, jist to kape our hands in, an' not forgit the decent education we'd had."

"I've changed my mind, Dennis," said Frank Coverdale, and if I am successful in my plans, it will be the biggest game I have yet played."

"May I be after axing what it is, yer honor?" replied the Colonel, who appeared much interested.

"Menander has a lovely daughter named Grace, who is a sort of boss bookkeeper in the lumber yard. A more charming, elegant creature I never saw in my life. She realizes the most exacting idealist's dream of beauty."

"Oh, be jabers, he's in love," said the Colonel, "that's dead sure."

"I am," answered Coverdale. "But think of it, she is as rich as she is beautiful. Menander has no other children. She will have all his immense wealth, and the man who marries Grace Menander, holds a gold mine."

"I see which way the cat jumps."

"I may be wrong," Coverdale went on, "yet I flatter myself that Grace did not find me altogether indifferent to her this morning. I have always been tolerably successful with women during my life and think I made a favorable impression."

"Och, now," cried the Colonel, "did you ever hear the bate of that. Hark now to the concate of him. He's got the face of old nick, so he has."

"Laugh as much as you please," answered Coverdale, "I mean to try it on. All through my life, I have believed in playing for high stakes."

"That's thrue for yez."

"Who," continued Coverdale, "would recognize in the well-dressed, handsome, gentlemanly Mr. Frank Coverdale, the penniless bank robber, the—but I need not dilate on these things. You know me."

"Be jabers! I ought to, for we've worked side by side in the same prison mabouchal, and small blame to us either, for we didn't know how to git away."

Coverdale smiled at this man's reminiscence of their former trouble, and knocking the ashes off his cigar, inquired of the Colonel what he thought of his plan.

"It's a rare iligant, so it is," replied the Colonel, "and I'll wish you success with all me heart. Shure, why shouldn't I. If any of the gang are in distress, won't we have the nate and convenient home to come to and find it mighty handy to."

The Colonel's eyes twinkled at this touch of humor.

"Now remember what I have told you," exclaimed Coverdale in his business like way. "Above all things keep sober, for if you let this young cub get away during the evening, while Gray and I are doing the 'work,' you will spoil all."

"No fear," replied the Colonel, "I know me duty an' I'm equal to it, all the time. Bedad, when they catch me asleep, they'll come to scoopin' in the weasels, the craters, by the bushel, so they will."



## VICE'S VARIETIES.

An Assorted List of Evil Deeds and  
Evil Deeds Collected by Gazette  
Correspondents in all Quarters.

At Fairbury, Ill., on the 18th, Joseph Vanover was indicted by the Grand Jury for manufacturing and passing counterfeit money.

A MAN named John Swiler was killed at McLeansboro, Ill., Friday night, 18th, while asleep in bed, by an assassin, who fired the fatal shot through a window.

ON the night of the 19th, an attempt was made to open a grave in the Mount Olivet cemetery, at Nashville, Tenn. The guard shot and wounded the parties, who got away, and are unknown. Blood tracks were discovered.

JAMES BURTON, a merchant of Dahlgren, in Hamilton county, Ill., who was shot by his partner, Wm. Adecock, in a quarrel over a business settlement, on the 15th died on the 19th. Burton was wounded in the abdomen. Adecock escaped, and has not been apprehended.

IN the United States District Court at Trenton, N. J., on the 22nd, Joseph L. Wertz, who was convicted of aiding and abetting Daniel M. Wickerson in embezzling the funds of the Manufacturers' National Bank of Newark to the amount of \$16,000, was sentenced to five years in the state prison.

IN Delaware, Ohio, on the 22nd, the dead body of a young man was found lying on some boards in the rear of a livery stable. It was ascertained that the man was Harry Pool, a cigar maker by trade. He had been on a drunk since the 19th. Foul play was at first suspected, but it proved to be a case of suicide by laudanum.

AT Lincoln, Neb., on the 19th, the grand jury returned the following indictments: Charles Viall, murderer; Henry A. Schenck, murderer; Henry Bowen Daniel Frimpe, Charles Clark and Frank Caudry, burglary, and Christ Mast, shooting with intent to kill. This is the largest criminal docket ever had in Lancaster county.

IN Bristol, Ind., on the night of the 19th, two desperate characters, Frank Dean, of Alton, Ill., and Patrick Martin, of Pittsburg, Pa., were arrested on suspicion of burglary in Sturgis Mich. They gave the citizens a hard chase, and were not captured until several shots had been fired. A large reward had been offered for their apprehension.

IN a bar-room fight, which occurred in an Allegheny, Pa., saloon on the night of the 21st, Charles Bungey struck Conrad Horgan, the bartender, on the head with a poker. Horgan was supposed to be slightly hurt, but the following morning he died, and Bungey was arrested. Bungey is the son of a wealthy contractor of Pittsburgh, Pa., and very respectably connected.

IN Eyota, Minn., on the night of the 12th, an affray took place between two men named Crooks and Leaden, which resulted in the probably fatal shooting of the latter. The affair occurred in a bakery. One bullet entered the neck partly severing the windpipe, and the other took effect in the breast. Both men were under the influence of liquor and during the day quarreled Crooks in Rochester jail awaiting trial.

IN Philadelphia, at about 3 o'clock on the morning of the 22nd, Valentine Zimmer was escorting Emma Schlip from a ball, and at Third street, near Green, he drew a revolver and fired two shots at her, one entering the face, the other the right shoulder, the first wound being considered dangerous. The girl, who is eighteen years of age, was taken to the hospital, and Zimmer was locked up. The causes were jealousy and beer.

IN Carlisle, Ill., on the night of the 18th, the residence of Charles Knobner was entered by two masked men who drew revolvers and demanded of Mrs. Knobner what money there was in the house. She refused this, when a confederate entered and began to search the house. A pocketbook containing \$75 was found. The robbers escaped with their booty. The city has been infested with thieves and dead beats for some time.

THE trial of Mrs. Jenny R. Smith for the murder of her husband, Police Officer Richard H. Smith, which was set down in the Hudson County, N. J., Oyer and Terminals for the 23rd, was postponed by Judge Knapp, on application of ex-Senator Winfield, of counsel for the defense, who stated that he was not ready to proceed. District Attorney McGill offered no objection, and the case was put off until the first day of the December term.

THE trials of John Bryan, Andy Hoover and John Norris as accessories to the murder of Anthony White, at Freedom, Ind., last month, was concluded on the 19th. On the suggestion of Prosecuting Attorney Perkins a verdict of not guilty was given as to Bryant. The jury, after eighteen hours' deliberation, failed to agree upon a verdict for the other two. They were discharged and the prisoners Hoover and Norris gave bail for their appearance at the next term of court.

THE daughter of a wealthy farmer living between Waynetown and Crawfordville, Ind., was recently delivered of a child which she threw into a well. She was questioned in regard to it, but refused to say anything. Search being made the body was found as stated. A coroner's jury, however, brought in a verdict of still born and the girl was released. A young man who had desired to marry the girl but was refused by her father, and has hastily gone West, is believed to be the author of the girl's ruin.

ON the night of the 20th, near Mortonville, Contra Costa county, Cal., David H. Williams, a Welsh miner, killed his wife by beating, kicking and stabbing her. Mrs. Williams had been guilty of intemperance and immoral conduct during the absence of her husband in Butte county. On his return, hearing reports about her, he at once assaulted her at a neighbor's house, knocked her down, dragged her home by the hair and there completed the work. Both were under the influence of liquor at the time.

A SENSATION was created in high-toned Jewish circles in Wheeling, Va., on the 19th, by the arrest of Victor Rosenberg, of the firm of Kraft Brothers & Rosenberg, and a wealthy and prominent citizen, on a charge of bastardy. The plaintiff is Bertha Huke, who has for some years past been employed in Rosenberg's family as a domestic. Rosenberg declares that the whole thing is a blackmailing scheme. He has always held a very high place in the estimation of the community. He was held to answer the charge in court and gave bonds for his appearance.

ON the 6th inst., Mary Lyon, a domestic employed in the Hoffman House, in this city, was stabbed with a butcher's knife during the services in the chapel of the Church of St. Francis Xavier, in West Sixteenth street, by a man named John Carpenter. She was confined by her injuries to the hospital, until within a few days, but on the 22nd, having recovered sufficiently to be able to make a complaint, she appeared before Justice Morgan at the Jefferson Market Court, and made a formal

charge against her assailant. Carpenter plead not guilty, and was held in default of \$5,000 bail to answer.

ON the night of the 19th, the jury in the case of Marston, on trial in Denver, Col., for poisoning his partner, Higgins, returned a verdict of acquittal, after deliberating fourteen hours. The case has attracted universal interest, the parties being well known, and the case involving many interesting features. There seems to have been no doubt that Higgins was poisoned, but the evidence, being entirely circumstantial, was not sufficient to convict the prisoner. Marston was not affected during the trial. He went to sleep shortly after supper on the night of the 19th, while the jury was out deliberating, and had to be awakened to hear the verdict.

SHERIFF COLMAN, of Fond Du Lac, Wis., has received a telegram stating that parties are ready to deliver up the person of Robert Wharton, provided \$50 will be forthcoming when he is delivered in Fond du Lac. Wharton is the cashier of C. L. Eacking's bank, and left that town suddenly a few weeks ago, with his books showing a deficit of nearly \$5,000. Mr. Eacking is bending all his efforts to paying depositors, and does not feel able to stand the outlay required for Wharton's apprehension; but a number of citizens are taking measures to raise the necessary sum and thus test the good faith of the unknown parties who claim to be able to produce Wharton.

IN the Superior Criminal Court at Lawrence, Mass., on the 14th, the Grand Jury refused an indictment in the cases of George W. Martin and John P. Wright, accused of breaking into Childs & Fields' express office. It was shown that both were drunk and knowing that there was a jug of spirits in the office went in to get a drink. The door was unlocked and the windows open. The conduct of Officer Blodgett, who arrested them, has been severely commented on by those who know the facts. The counsel for Wright took the ground that a policeman's duty was to prevent crime instead of lurking around a full half hour, as the officer testified he did, for the purpose of allowing the men to commit a states prison crime that he might capture them and gain credit for making an important arrest.

ON the night of the 20th, the suburban residence at Hazlewood, near Pittsburgh, Pa., of the Hon. George H. Anderson, the postmaster of the latter city, was entered by burglars. Mr. Anderson was aroused by a feeling of suffocation, and discovered that a sponge saturated with chloroform had been placed on his face. He arose, and, pretending that he was going for a drink of water so as not to alarm his wife, secured a revolver. His wife, thinking him sick, also got up, but Mr. Anderson hustled her into a closet and closed the door. He then ran down stairs, but the burglars had taken alarm and fled. It was discovered next morning that they had taken about \$600 worth of silverware, including a solid set presented to Mr. Anderson in 1873 by the State Senate when he was president of that body. The burglars escaped in a buggy.

AGGIE McDONALD, the young woman who made a charge of seduction against the priests of the college in Quincy, Ill., died in that city on the 22nd. On Sunday morning, 21st inst., she procured arsenic and on the following morning she was found by Mrs. McDonald, the lady of the house where she was staying very sick. She acknowledged she had taken poison, and Dr. Wilson was called. He arrived about 4 A. M., and found her very low; administered antidotes and told her she would die. She then acknowledged that her statements, charging the Brothers of the College with criminality with her were false, and retracted her accusations in the presence of several witnesses, among them one of the Brothers, who was sent for after midnight. A post-mortem was held, and the discovery made that the statements about her condition were untrue.

A DIABOLICAL attempt was made early on the morning of the 19th, to murder and rob Mr. John Sinclair, near Digby's Station, Ill. The would-be murderer entered Mr. Sinclair's house and was in the act of pulling his pants from under his head when Mr. Sinclair awoke and asked his name and business. The reply was, "Johnny Digby." Sinclair grabbed the robber and exclaimed, "I'll Johnny Digby you!" whereupon the robber drew a pistol and fired, the ball taking effect in Sinclair's head. The latter fell, and the robber securing the pants, took them out in the yard and got \$5 for his booty. Mr. Sinclair had a large amount of money on his person the night previous, but he had given it to his brother for safe-keeping. He is lying in a very critical condition, but hopes of his recovery are entertained. There is no clue as to who the assassin was.

IN the trial of William H. Rushing in the Scriven County Court, Georgia, on the 14th, on an indictment for adultery, the defendant, who had waived a jury trial, was declared not guilty, on the evidence by the Judge. No evidence was introduced by the defense. The defendant made a statement, not under oath, in which he protested his innocence and endeavored to show that he was subjected to persecution on grounds of religion. Miss Hannahs, his sister-in-law, with whom the adultery was alleged to have been committed, could not be secured as a witness, being beyond the jurisdiction of the courts, in South Carolina, where, it is alleged, she had been sent some time since to prevent her testifying. The case has caused a great sensation in the locality, and a full account of the circumstances, with an illustration, appeared in the GAZETTE of August 3, soon after the first developments were made public.

A BRUTAL murder was perpetrated at Cookville, Tenn., on the evening of the 17th, just after the close of the fair at that place. A policeman, named Benjamin Gobbett, while trying to arrest two drunken men, named Randolph and Farley, was shot and killed. Farley resisted the arrest when Gobbett attempted to seize him. Randolph caught hold of Gobbett and pulled him away. While thus holding him Farley drew his pistol and shot Gobbett, the ball taking effect in the right breast. When released, Gobbett again jumped upon Farley and threw him down. Bystanders who he called for a knife to cut Farley's throat. Gobbett soon arose to his feet again, and as he did so, fell over and expired in a few moments. The perpetrators were arrested by the deputy sheriff, disarmed and lodged in jail. Gobbett was one of the most accomplished, obliging and generous-hearted young men in the country. He leaves a mother and two sisters to mourn his loss. The excitement over the murder was intense, and there was some talk of lynch law, which, however, subsided.

FOR some months past a gang of horse and cattle thieves has been operating extensively above Sioux City, Iowa, on the Missouri and Niobrara rivers, stealing chiefly from cattle herds collecting for filling Government contracts. During the past season some one thousand or twelve hundred head of cattle have been stolen from these herds and quite a large number of horses. Recently the sheriff of Antelope county, Nebraska, started out with a posse of ten men to look after a gang of horse thieves supposed to be located somewhere on the Niobrara. The party included several men from Sioux City and others from points above on the Missouri. The party struck a portion of the gang on the Niobrara river at the

mouth of the Running Water. Four thieves were captured and are now in jail at St. Helena, Cedar county, Neb. The party also recovered sixty-two head of cattle and fourteen horses, all the property of Government contractors. The entire gang is believed to consist of twenty-five to thirty-five men. The location of one hundred and sixty additional head of the stolen cattle is known, and a party is now on the way with the expectation of making another important capture. The result of the raids will probably be the breaking up of the most extensive gang of horse thieves in the northwest.

A YOUNG man named Edward Davy has been arrested at Weaver, Wabasha county, Minn., on suspicion of having attempted to poison the inmates of a disreputable house.

MABEL WHITMAN, who is suspected of murdering her mother in Bunker Hill district, Boston, Mass., was arrested on the 24th. She says she is innocent, and never knew she was suspected.

GOVERNOR ROBINSON has pardoned Jack Roberts, who, it appears, was wrongfully convicted in the case of the masked burglary at Fairview. Roberts was mistaken for Patsy Purell, and the latter has confessed his participation in the crime for which Roberts was sentenced to state prison.

JOHN LOGAN, a convict in the state prison at Trenton, N. J., escaped on the 24th. He and five other convicts had been working in the yard of the prison under the eye of a keeper when Logan ran, and swam in across the canal made good his escape. He had only served two weeks on a commitment of two years for resisting Police Officer Stout, of Trenton.

TEN miles north of Summit, Miss., on the Chicago, St. Louis and New Orleans Railroad, near the little railroad station Bugie Chitto, on the night of the 24th, a Mr. Ellis, who was employed at an old mill at that place, was assassinated by an unknown hand. He had stepped out of the house after supper, and was fired upon from behind the underbrush, receiving sixteen backshots in his body. He died almost instantly. No clue to the identity of the murderer has yet been discovered, and the cause is likewise a mystery.

ON the 24th, at Lumberton, Robeson county, N. C., on the Carolina Central railroad, Miss Amelia Linkman, a highly respectable young lady, called at Rancho's Hotel and asked to see Mr. Ed. Hartman, a commercial traveling salesman for a Baltimore grocery house, whose home is Lumberton. Hartman went into the parlor, and while shaking hands with the young lady, she drew a pistol and fired, the ball penetrating Hartman's bowels. The young lady, as she fired, exclaimed, "You have ruined me and I'll ruin you." It is said that Hartman has seduced the young lady and had promised to marry her six months ago.

AT Fort Smith, Ark., John Postok has been sentenced in the United States Court to be hanged on the 24th of December next. The annals of crime do not present a more diabolical and wicked sin than that for which John Postok has been tried, convicted and sentenced to suffer death. He is a half-breed creek Indian. His victims were John Legley, a white man, and his wife. In October, 1877, Postok became intoxicated at Legley's for his refusal to give him tobacco. He went off, borrowed a revolver and came back to Legley's house, called Legley out to the door and shot him down. He then placed his revolver to Mrs. Legley's breast and shot her, killing both instantly. The Legleys had one child, only twenty months old, who was left alone with the dead bodies of his parents, and the house being some distance off the road, the murder was not discovered until eleven days after it was perpetrated. The child was then on the very verge of the grave from starvation, and the dogs had almost completely devoured the woman, and had also eaten the flesh from the face of Legley. When asked by the Judge if he had anything to say why the sentence of the law should not be passed upon him, Postok replied that he had nothing at all to say. He seemed perfectly stoical, taking his sentence with an air of indifference.

ALLEN C. LAROS, who was convicted about two years ago for the murder of his father and mother and an aged man who had been boarding with the family for years, has escaped from the state lunatic hospital, near Harrisburg, Pa. Laros was to have been hanged in September of last year, but a commission appointed to inquire into his sanity decided that he was not a fit subject for the gallows. During his imprisonment his movements were such as to create an impression that he was insane, but an ingenious attempt to escape from jail for a while disabled the minds of the people in the vicinity in which he was incarcerated. Subsequently, however, his condition apparently became worse; he had violent convulsions and appeared like one whose reason had been dethroned. He appeared insensible for hours and the pouring of hot lead on his fingers and other means of torture failed to awaken any sign of feeling. After an examination of his case the commission decided that he was insane, and soon after he was removed to the Harrisburg lunatic hospital. He has been in the institution nearly a year when his condition had so much improved, to appearances, that the propriety of having the death sentence executed was being agitated. This came to the ears of the murderer, and he availed himself of the first opportunity to escape. It is now believed that Laros' lunacy after the commission of the crime was assumed. The tragedy of which Laros was the author was committed in Easton, Northampton county, Pa. Laros had been a school teacher, and contemplated entering the legal profession. His father and the old man residing with the family had several hundred dollars, to obtain which the triple murder was committed. The means employed was arsenic which he placed in a coffee pot. All the members of the family drank of the coffee, except Allen C. Laros, and all became violently ill. The mother and father and the aged man died within two days, while the rest, after days of suffering, recovered. Young Laros, who was twenty-one years old, was accused of the crime and finally admitted his guilt and indicated the place where the stolen money could be found, and a search resulted in its discovery near the scene of the tragedy.

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